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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1904.

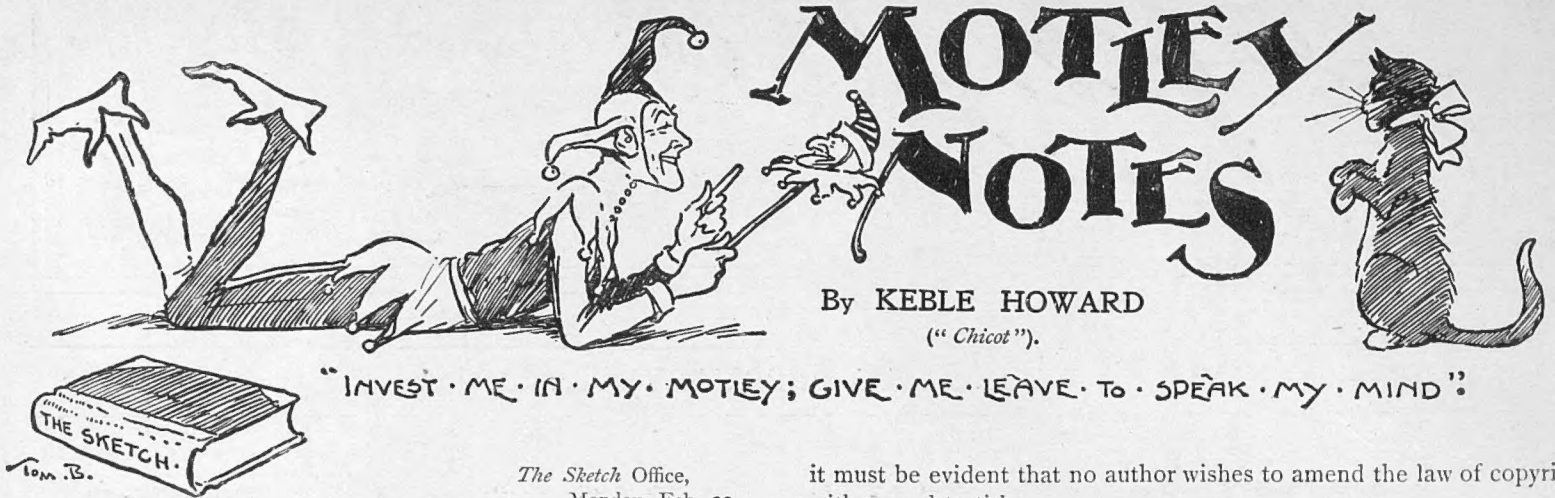
SIXPENCE.



MISS EVA MOORE IN "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE," AT THE CRITERION.

(SEE ALSO PAGE 188.)

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Feb. 22.

"WHAT is ambition?" asks the dramatic critic of the *Referee*. "It is the burning desire," he declares, generously replying to his own question, "the fierce determination to rise in the world without the slightest consideration for those who go down." Now, I have a very great respect for the dramatic critic of the *Referee*—as, indeed, I have for all dramatic critics—but I cannot allow him to destroy my beliefs in this way. Since the age of seven, when I began my literary career by writing a tale about a miser, I have always encouraged myself to be ambitious. It would have been far easier for me to adopt towards life the attitude of the philosophic sluggard. Naturally lazy, I could then have lain in bed twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Naturally slovenly, I could then have shaved myself once a-week and dispensed with cuffs and collars. The habit of ambition, however, has so far prevented me from indulging these gentle propensities, and I refuse to be told, after all my efforts, that the sluggard is the more worthy fellow of the two. He has his picturesque side, I admit. It is rather soothing to spend an occasional hour with him, and to hear him talk of the things he could have done if he had taken the trouble. But I never yet knew a sluggard who bothered very much about "those who go down."

Talking of that miser story, I came across the manuscript a few days ago. The thing is a mere fragment, but I can, at any rate, claim that the writing is bold. The full title is "The Murder of the Miser," and the tale relates how that the miser kept an enormous sum of money under his bed and always burnt a candle at night because he was afraid of robbers. The robbers, apparently, were not afraid of the candle, for they broke into the house, killed the old gentleman, and made off with the gold. On looking the narrative through, I was pleased to find a display of dramatic force combined with a simple directness in the telling. The whole story runs to exactly one hundred and forty-three words, so that the author cannot be accused of over-elaboration. My brothers, I remember, criticised the effort rather severely, accusing me, among other things, of plagiarism. I was wise enough not to reply to my critics, but I determined that, for the future, my literary work should be shown only to my mother and sisters. Even aunts were to be barred, for one of them, to whom the effort had been forwarded with a view to enthusiastic approval and a postal order, merely remarked that the miser was unworthy of the name because he burnt candles instead of night-lights. The absence of any enclosure, moreover, forced me to believe that my aunt was an authority on the subject.

The *Saturday Westminster Gazette* is a capital budget of light reading. In addition to the usual attractions—including, of course, a cartoon by the wonderful "F. C. G."—there are several new features which ought to become popular. One of these is a column of comments on things in general, entitled, happily enough, "Motley Notes." It is always gratifying, of course, to find that one's titles meet with appreciation, and when that appreciation takes the practical form of annexation one has to struggle severely against a feeling of conceit. Some people, by the way, appear to think that an author objects to so obvious a form of flattery. I can quite understand how that idea arises, for the modesty of literary folk has become proverbial. The public should understand, however, that good titles are rather difficult to get. Many a dramatist—I mean, an author—has gone grey through trying to think of a title that was not too bald. It often happens, in consequence, that a writer who has suddenly hit on a good title sends it round to his brother-writers in case they may care to make use of it also. Granted, then, such fraternal affection among the clan,

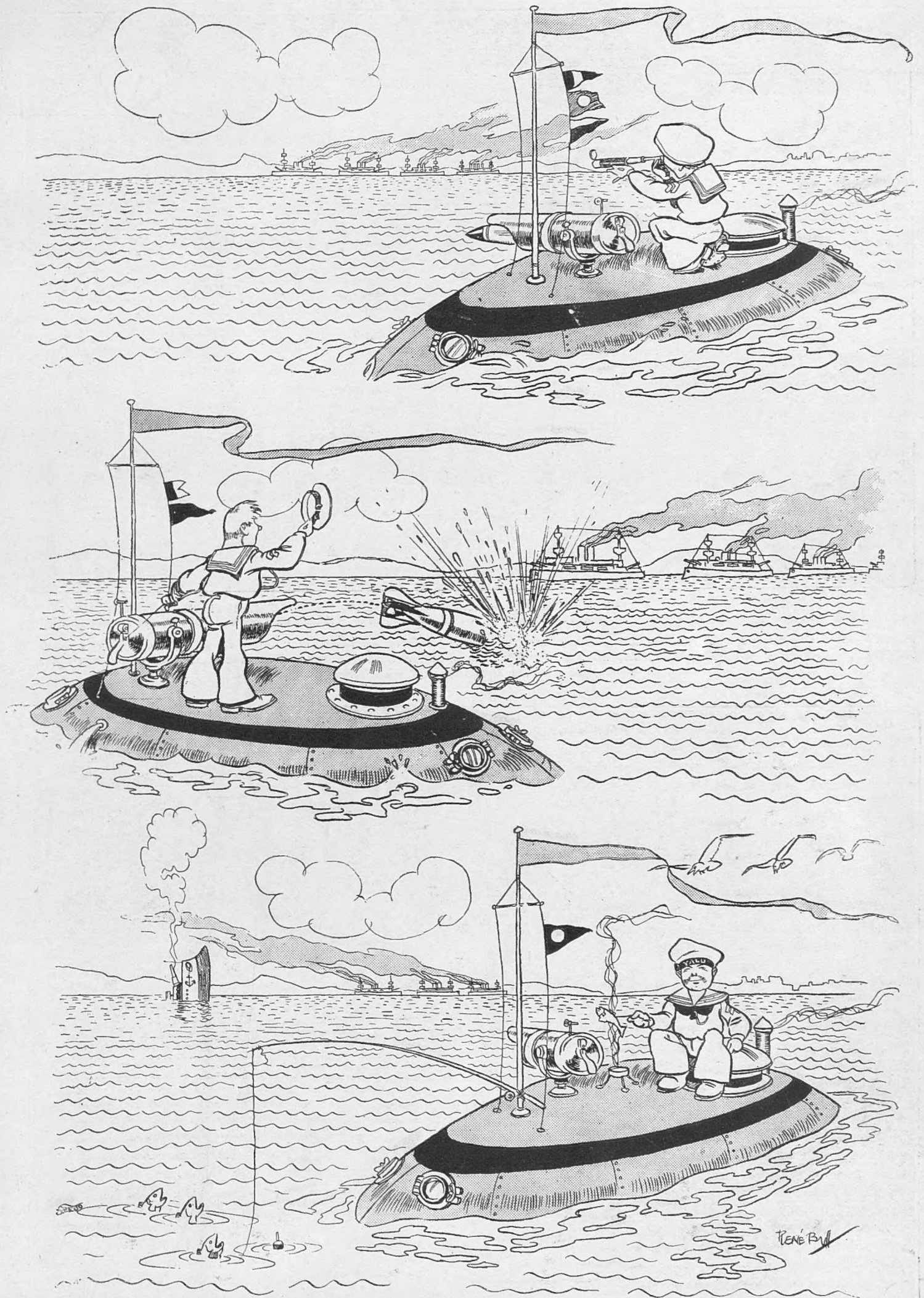
it must be evident that no author wishes to amend the law of copyright with regard to titles.

I spent a very depressing afternoon last Friday. Misdirected energy and a desire for fresh air took me down to the Crystal Palace, where, as you know, a gigantic motor-exhibition is being held. On all sides of me, as I paced through the vast building, I beheld beautiful automobiles of every size and sort. There were luxurious broughams, fitted with lounge-chairs, writing-tables, carpets, curtains, windows, and, for all I know, kitchens. There were motor-sofas, on which an invalid could lie stretched at full-length and skim through the country-side like a sort of elongated swallow. There was a motor-ottoman, S-shaped, whose happy possessor could make love with dignity whilst travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour. There were motor-coaches, built in the Georgian style, and looking uncommonly like Christmas-cards with the horses painted out. There were motor-perambulators, so simple in construction that very soon, I feel sure, every baby will be taking its airing unattended, and all the nursemaids will have to bring their soldier-sweethearts to the altar or perish in the attempt. It was just the same on the Terrace. Up and down they went, round and round, as easily and gracefully as young fish in a summer stream. I watched them for some time—my head bent, a scowl on my brow. Then, turning suddenly, I hurried into the station and took the first train to Ludgate Hill.

In the February number of the *Rational Dress Gazette*—a little journal that I invariably read with the greatest interest—there is a letter to the Editor showing "How Irrational Dress burdens poor Gentlewomen." "Madam," writes a poor gentlewoman, "for sheer poverty I've had to buy a dress with a tail to it, and sleeves that sweep ink and glasses and other breakables on to the floor. . . ." The pathos of this cry goes straight to my heart. Can you not picture to yourself, sympathetic reader, the distressing scene? A poor gentlewoman, hopelessly clad in a dress with a tail to it, sweeping, with her maddening sleeves, ink and glasses and other breakables to the floor! The cynic will suggest, I make no doubt, that the poor gentlewoman might substitute, for the dress with a tail to it, some garment made without a tail. He may assert, the sneering wretch, that ink does not break, even when it is swept on to the floor. Our business, kindly reader, and the business of this poor gentlewoman, is not with cynics. We must set to work and discover some way out of this fearful situation, so that the agitated lady may be enabled to wear her tail in comfort and keep her ink-bill within decent limits.

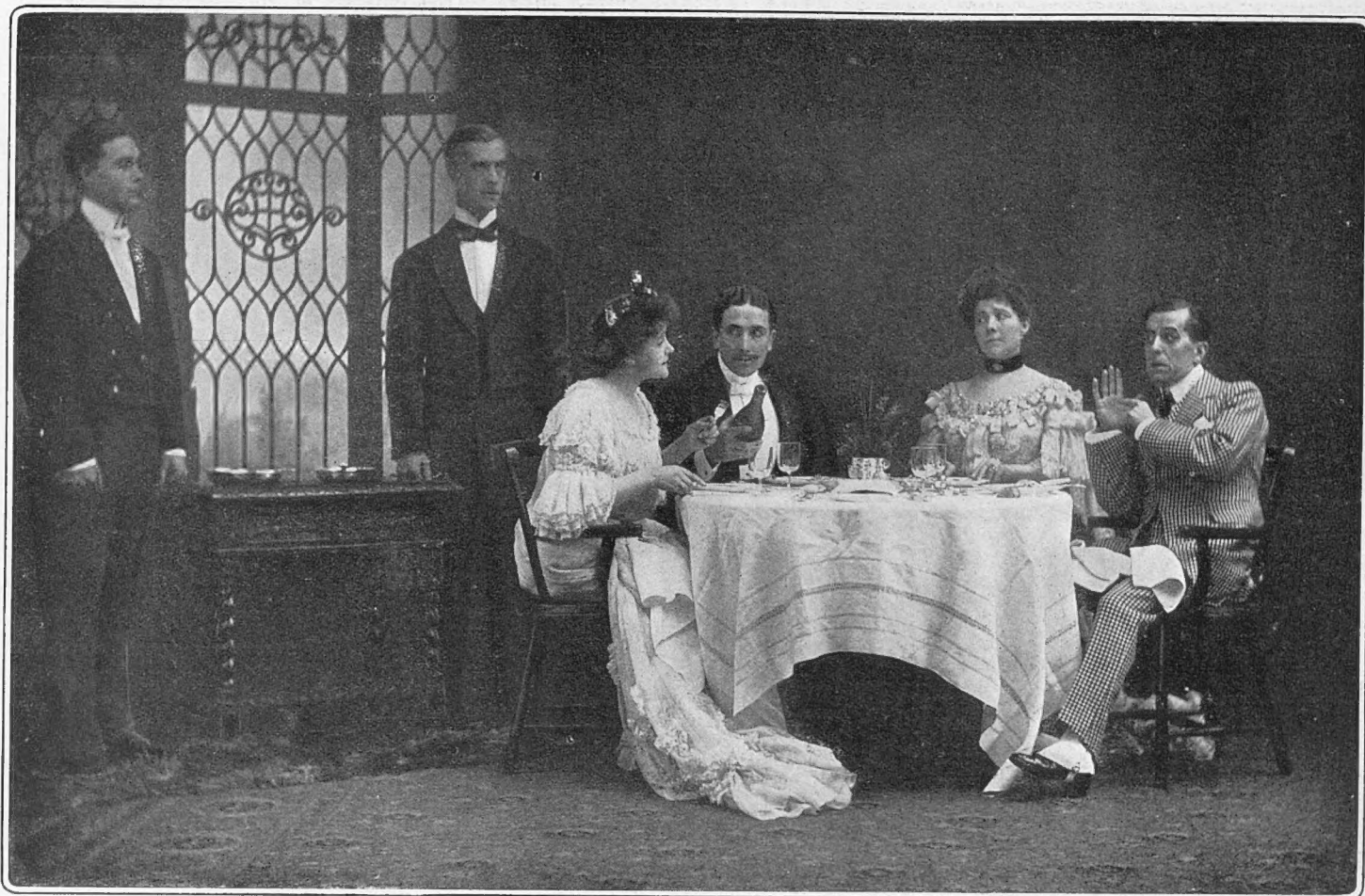
The *Daily Mail* has at last discovered why the majority of men do not go to church. As always happens when somebody else solves a difficult problem, one is amazed to find the solution so simple. It is not irreligion that keeps the sterner sex from places of worship, nor is it laziness. The silk hat, says the *Mail*, must be held to blame, or the short-sighted authorities, rather, who do not provide a cloak-room where gentlemen can leave their hats. You will wonder, perhaps, how the *Mail* managed to discover the truth. 'Twas in this way. They happened to hear that there was a certain man living in London who could honestly claim to be a regular attendant at church. They promptly sent a reporter to interview him, who elicited the fact that "few, if any, places of worship in London provide due accommodation for the silk hats of the male congregation." The reporter hurried back to the office with this exclusive tit-bit, but the Editor, cautious man, was unable to credit such an astounding statement. However, when the news had been "confirmed by inquiry" at various churches and chapels, he felt fairly safe in printing it. Had they chosen to interview me on the subject, I should have told them that I myself obviated the difficulty by going to church in an opera-hat.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN: THE FIRST INCIDENT OF THE WAR.



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL, OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST — IN LONDON.

TWO SCENES FROM "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE,"
AT THE CRITERION.



Lady Henrietta Addison The Duke of Killicrankie Mrs. Mulholland Mr. Henry Pitt-Welby, M.P.
(Miss Eva Moore). (Mr. Graham Browne). (Miss Marie Illington). (Mr. Weedon Grossmith).

Act II.—The Duke manages to decoy Lady Henrietta Addison, the wayward lady of his choice, to "Crag-o'-North," a lonely fortress in the Highlands. Mr. Henry Pitt-Welby, M.P., does the same by Mrs. Mulholland, a wealthy widow. Unfortunately, the ladies are sworn foes, so that the situation is an awkward one all round.



Act III.—Lady Henrietta, after a week's imprisonment at "Crag-o'-North," is offered her liberty. To her great surprise, however, she finds that captivity is sweeter than freedom.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THREE SCENES FROM "THE ARM OF THE LAW,"

AT THE GARRICK.

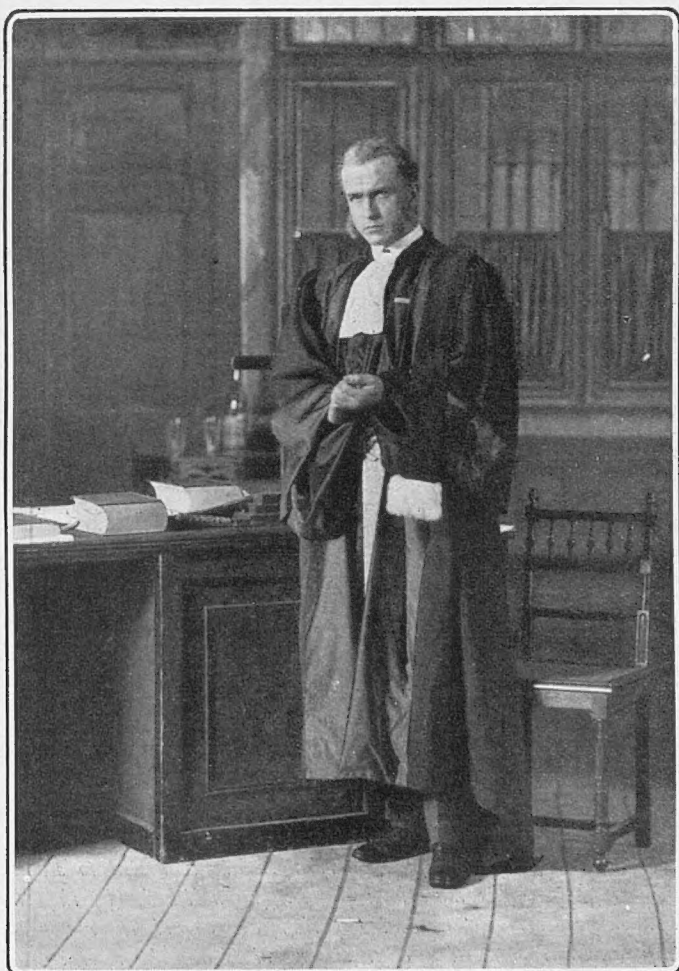


Mouzon (Mr. Arthur Bourchier).

Gervais (Mr. Arthur Chesney).

Yanetta (Miss Violet Vanbrugh).

Act II.—Mouzon has determined to prove Pierre Etchepare, a Basque peasant, guilty of murder. He compels Etchepare's wife to give evidence against her husband.



Vagret (Mr. Frank Mills).

Vagret, the Public Prosecutor, detects a flaw in the evidence against Etchepare. At the price of his own advancement he declares the prisoner innocent.



Marie (Mrs. E. H. Brooke).

In the course of the trial, however, Etchepare has discovered that his wife has had a liaison before marrying him. He casts her off, therefore, and goes with his mother and the two children to America.

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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS**FEBRUARY 27.****THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR:****JAPAN'S UNIQUE TRANSPORT SERVICE.****THE FREEING OF THE VLADIVOSTOCK FLEET.**AND OTHER SPECIAL DRAWINGS
AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS**FEBRUARY 27.**

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

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TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length) and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories are paid for according to merit; general articles at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King much enjoyed his private visit to Portsmouth. Although His Majesty has the happy gift of being seldom bored, even by the most pompous and long-drawn-out function, there are times and seasons when he is glad to escape the tedious formalities which fussy personages, especially in the provinces, are only too eager to inflict upon him. His Majesty has a great regard for Admiral Sir John Fisher, who is the Naval Member of Lord

Esher's War Office Reform Committee. The Committee have not yet completed their labours, and we may be sure there was no lack of interesting and possibly epoch-making conversation between the Sovereign and his distinguished host.

The King has always had a strong liking for the sea Service, and there is reason to believe he has regretted that it was not made his profession when he was a boy. At any rate, it is significant that, after His Majesty's accession, he wrote a Message to the Navy, which was read on the quarter-deck of every ship in commission, and in which he referred to the fact that he had chosen the Service for the early education of both his sons. Moreover, in the official Navy Lists issued after his accession the Sovereign's name began to appear at the head of the Service—a thing which had never been done before even in the reign of the "Sailor King," William IV. King Edward certainly shares the "Sailor King's" belief that "there is no place in the world for making an English gentleman like the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war." His Majesty has often taken passage in warships in his various travels.

The King at Cambridge.

Next Tuesday's ceremony at Cambridge, when His Majesty will open and inspect various new museums and laboratories, will recall vividly to his mind both his own undergraduate career and also the memory of his father, Prince Albert, who was Chancellor of the University, the dignified office now held by the Duke of Devonshire. The King was not entered at Cambridge until after he had studied in Edinburgh and had spent some time at Oxford, as well as making a tour in the United States and Canada. *Punch* expressed in some amusing lines the alarm of the British public lest the young Prince should be over-educated—

Dipped in grey Oxford mixture (lest that prove a fixture),
The poor lad's to be plunged in less orthodox Cam,
Where dynamics and statics and pure mathematics
Will be piled on his brain's awful cargo of cram.

As a matter of fact, however, he had a fairly good time at Cambridge, though it was a pity that he should have lived three miles away, at Madingley, instead of in the centre of University life. His Majesty did not make the same mistake with the Duke of Clarence, who, when he went up to Cambridge, had rooms in Neville's Court in Trinity. The King, when he was at Cambridge, went in for history more than mathematics, as *Punch* had feared, and profited much by Canon Kingsley's lectures. He was not allowed much freedom, however, the Prince Consort apparently disapproving of the English University system almost as much as he did of the typical English Public School. It was characteristic of the King's kindness that, when he visited Cambridge soon after his marriage, he altered the route of the Royal Procession in order that as many people as possible might see him and his lovely bride.

The Countess of Stradbroke.

The young Countess of Stradbroke is

one of the many modern hostesses who really prefer the country to town. Her husband is, among other things, Vice-Admiral of Suffolk, and she is herself, perhaps, the most popular of the many great ladies who inhabit that pleasant county. Before her marriage she was well known in the smartest of the "smart" set as Miss "Baby" Fraser, the daughter of a most distinguished soldier, in his day Inspector-General of Cavalry. Queen Alexandra is exceedingly fond of the pretty Countess, who is a grand-daughter of the late Madame de Falbe, so old a friend of Her Majesty, and the Queen showed her marked interest in Lord and Lady Stradbroke by becoming godmother to their baby son and heir, who will soon be a year old. They are also the proud parents of a group of lovely little daughters, of whom the eldest has the quaint name of Pleasance.

St. James's Palace. The announcement that the King's Levées will in future be held at St. James's Palace, instead of in the more modern building at the other end of the Park, has been received with pleasure by those members of the public who delight in stately Royal Processions. The fine rooms in the old Palace have been re-decorated, the lighting arrangements and other matters have been greatly improved, and next Monday's great function will in many ways be reminiscent of the days of the late Queen Victoria, when Levées were invariably held there.



THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS, LADIES PLEASANCE, CATHERINE, AND BETTY ROUS.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

*Political
"Seceders."*

The twenty-seven Unionist members who voted against the Government on the Fiscal question are treated by the faithful as "seceders." It is a strong proceeding for members to abandon their Party in a Confidence Division, and the twenty-seven are expected to take an independent attitude throughout the Session, but only a few of them are disposed, meantime, to throw in their lot with the Liberals. Much will depend on their treatment by the Party managers in the constituencies, and, should the Government encourage the local Associations to run official candidates against them, the twenty-seven might be obliged to rely on their former opponents.

Parliament has become more interesting with these Free Traders harassing the Ministers on their flank. They have gathered together on the two front-benches below the gangway, while the Tariff Reformers, as a rule, sit behind them. Thus there are sometimes lively passages. The Free Traders, on hearing murmurs and exclamations behind them, turn round and expostulate or hiss back an angry rejoinder. As the twenty-seven include several brilliant debaters, they take care of themselves. Ministers are annoyed particularly by Lord Hugh Cecil, who, they think, ought to be more considerate, in view of his family position.

One of the most independent of the Unionists is Major Seely, the Member for the Isle of Wight. Not only on the Fiscal question but also on the subject of Chinese labour he took a lead in opposing the Government. The Major has a marvellous memory. He spoke on Chinese labour for over an hour without looking at a note, and he quoted evidence, speeches, and verses. The Colonial Secretary taunted him with "the courage of youth." Major Seely is really thirty-six, his brother in the House being nine years older. He has a handsome, soldierly figure, and a bright, frank, brown face, and his voice is very agreeable. Eloquence may be attributed to him.

Who is Leader? The new group of Unionists have not a leader in the House of Commons yet. Their chief is really the Duke of Devonshire. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach does not sit near them, nor act with them. Probably Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton, although quietly influential, are indisposed to take an ostentatious part. The most active men in the group are Mr. Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil, whose restless ambition and cleverness will always make them factors to be reckoned with in the House. They have few equals as debaters on the Treasury Bench, and during Mr. Balfour's absence they have naturally been firing torpedoes at the smaller ships of war.

*The House
Manager.*

Mr. Akers-Douglas has been doing very well as business-manager of the House. The experience of Mr. W. H. Smith proved that great debating-power was not indispensable in the case of a leader. Mr. Balfour's deputy makes no pretension to be a speaker, but he knows the House, he is attentive to business, and he is not at all

provocative. There has been a general disposition to treat him easily. Mr. Akers-Douglas has been in the House since 1880, and was chief Conservative Whip from 1885 till 1895, when he became First Commissioner of Works. In 1902 he was appointed Home Secretary, and the duties of that office he has discharged with tact.

*"C.-B." and
Mr. Austen.*

There was a pleasant little interlude in the fierce Fiscal fight. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, alluding to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, said: "We mean him well and we wish him well." The young Chancellor of the Exchequer, pleasantly surprised, made a deep bow.

The Riviera.

Along the Riviera, where the weather has been delightfully mild and summer-like, every town has been crowded for some time past; the keepers of shops and hotels have no cause for complaint. It is such a good season that the place of Russian visitors recalled by the war in the Far East seems to have been taken at once, and this is significant, because Russians are great patrons of the littoral. The news that the German Emperor has abandoned the cruise that was to have brought him down here has given rise to extraordinary rumours, including one that is quite persistent, relating to his health. Carnivals and battles of flowers have not lost their charm for visitors, and it is pleasant to note that the rule of lawlessness that prevailed in Nice has been checked. The improvement is slight, but encouraging. The people who declared that M. Delcassé's sudden departure from Nice was due to the imminence of war seem to find some consolation for the outbreak in the fact that they are the true prophets. The French Mediterranean Squadron has been participating in the Nice fêtes. It looks workmanlike enough, in spite of M. Camille Pelletan.

*Music at
Monte Carlo.*

At Monte Carlo, where all the tables are in full swing and the usual tall stories about fortunes won in an hour are being circulated on behalf of the Administration, music is the chief attraction now that the *tir-aux-pigeons* has ceased to invite. Camille Saint-Saëns is very much to the fore. His fine work, "Samson et Delilah," has been produced with every mark of favour, and Madame Héglon's success has been rivalled only by that of M. Alvarez.

Russian Confidence.

There is a little story going about that is worth re-telling. There are always highly placed Russians in Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo at this season of the year, and, when the diplomatic relations were broken off between Russia and Japan, many of these gentlemen were asked for interviews. One very big official who consented to talk declared that Russia had nothing to fear. "There is no victory for Japan by sea or land," he said, confidently. "We shall move straight to the accomplishment of our glorious destiny in the Far East, without considering Japan at all." The ink on the paper that published these assurances was scarcely dry before the news was flashed to Nice of the disaster to the Russian fleet in Port Arthur.



THE LATE LILIAN ELDÉE AS "LORNA DOONE."
(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Louis XVII. The Commission on Old Paris has just come to a decision which will reopen the ancient controversy on the death of the Dauphin Louis Charles, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who is said to have died in the Temple on June 8, 1795. It has been decided to build a crèche on the site of the old cemetery of St. Marguerite in which the Prince is supposed to have been buried, and the Commission intends to examine the ground in the spots which witnesses in 1816 declared to be those where, according to their knowledge, the Dauphin was buried. But these places have already been examined, in 1816 and in 1846, and nothing definite was ever discovered. It can hardly be expected that, after so many years, the secret of the mystery will be revealed.

Messalina's Tooth-Powder. There is nothing sacred to a German savant. The toilette of the famous Roman Empress Messalina has always exercised a great fascination over certain minds, and now a German historian declares that he has discovered the secret of the tooth-powder of the Roman beauty. He has been studying the works of one Scribonius Largus, who appears to have been a physician who flourished in the times of the Emperor Claudius, and among the manuscripts he claims to have found the long-lost dentifrice. It consisted of two ounces of pounded stag's-horn, one ounce of gum-mastic from Chios, and half-an-ounce of salmiac. The ingredients are to be triturated together into a fine powder, but the recipe does not sound as if it would supplant those in use at the present day.

Colonel Marchand's Father. M. Marchand, the father of the well-known Colonel, has just died at Thoissey, aged sixty-eight. He was one of the best types of provincial Frenchmen, and had lived all his life at Thoissey, where he was a carpenter. He had five children—the Colonel, who was the eldest son; Petrus, who was a non-commissioned officer and died of sunstroke in the French Soudan in 1895; Auguste, who has a civil employment in the French Soudan; Constant, who is going into the Navy; and a daughter, who has kept house for her father since he became a widower in 1887. M. Marchand was a man of some substance, for he brought up all his children well, and, in addition, managed to become the proprietor of two houses in his native village.

A March Bride. Considering the wonderful beauty of our national Valhalla, it is strange that so few great marriages are celebrated in Westminster Abbey, but on March 1 Henry the Seventh's Chapel will be the scene of a particularly pretty and

interesting wedding, the bride being the eldest daughter of the famous cavalry leader, as well as descended from Thomas, tenth Earl of Dundonald, whose banner hangs in the chapel where the wedding is to be celebrated. The Master of Belhaven came of age only last week, so they will be a very youthful couple, and Lady Grizel has wisely decided to have child bridesmaids. The last important marriage



THE CZARINA: A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT.

Taken by Messrs. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

which took place in Westminster Abbey was that of the Earl of Crewe and Lady Margaret Primrose, and there also, some thirty-odd years ago, was celebrated the double wedding of Lady Blandford and Lady Lansdowne.

*The King's
Empress-Niece.*

At the present moment it is interesting to reflect how very close is the connection between our popular Sovereign and the Russian Royal Family. The beautiful, sensitive face of the Emperor Nicholas's Consort recalls to a remarkable extent that of His Majesty's favourite sister, Princess Alice, and the Dowager Czarina, who loves Russia as dearly as our Queen loves England, is the one of Her Majesty's sisters with whom she is most intimate. At the present moment, the King's Empress-niece is bestirring herself most actively on behalf of the Russian wounded in the Far East, and she is arranging for a large number of Red Cross Ambulance sisters to be ready to play their merciful part in the great conflict.

Admiral Alexeieff. Of the man on whom the eyes of the whole world are just now fixed the majority know nothing save that he has written despatches to the Czar, on his misfortunes in the Far East, in very moderate terms. The Admiral is a stout, thick-set man of middle-height, and was sixty years of age shortly before Christmas. He wears his beard full, in the Russian fashion, has a quick and piercing eye, and a face that tells of much energy and good-humour. Admiral Alexeieff is considered in Russia to be a man at the very head of his profession, and is said to be particularly well versed in the technical side of naval matters. In France, where he was Naval Attaché twenty years ago, he was a great favourite. The Admiral has as complete a knowledge of the Far Eastern question as any man in Russia. In 1885 he accompanied the present Czar on his journey through Japan and Siberia, and ten years later he commanded the Russian Pacific Squadron during the Chino-Japanese War. In 1900 he was at the head of the Czar's forces during the Peking troubles, and was Admiral of the united squadrons of Russia, Germany, and France. Besides this, he has been second in command of the Naval Staff at St. Petersburg, Admiral of the Black Sea Fleet, and now for six months past has been Viceroy in the Far East.



LADY GRIZEL COCHRANE,

TO BE MARRIED TO THE MASTER OF BELHAVEN IN HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ON MARCH 1.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

The Czar.

A diplomatic friend of mine who has recently returned from St. Petersburg supplies me with a sinister picture of the Russian Government and people (writes our Berlin Correspondent). "In a country where personal rule prevails," he observes, "if the ruler is weak, the rule will be weaker still." This is now the case with Russia. The Emperor Nicholas has many amiable qualities, but he is in no sense a strong man. In the present crisis he has been known to change his views from day to day, in accordance with the views of the last statesman who conferred with him. He was assured to the last that war would be avoided. Bitter, consequently, were the tears he shed and the reproaches he levelled at his advisers when the news that war had broken out was conveyed to him." My friend, who attended all the Court ceremonies prior to the breach of peace, tells me that almost everyone in St. Petersburg Society feared disaster both for the Army and Navy. It was felt everywhere that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark, and that, when put to the test, the gigantic engine of destruction represented by the Russian Army would refuse properly to operate. "The populace," concludes my friend, "are quite apathetic. When asked for his opinion, the 'Man in the Street,' whether in Moscow or St. Petersburg, observes, indifferently, 'Well, Manchuria is a long way off.'"

Russia and Germany.

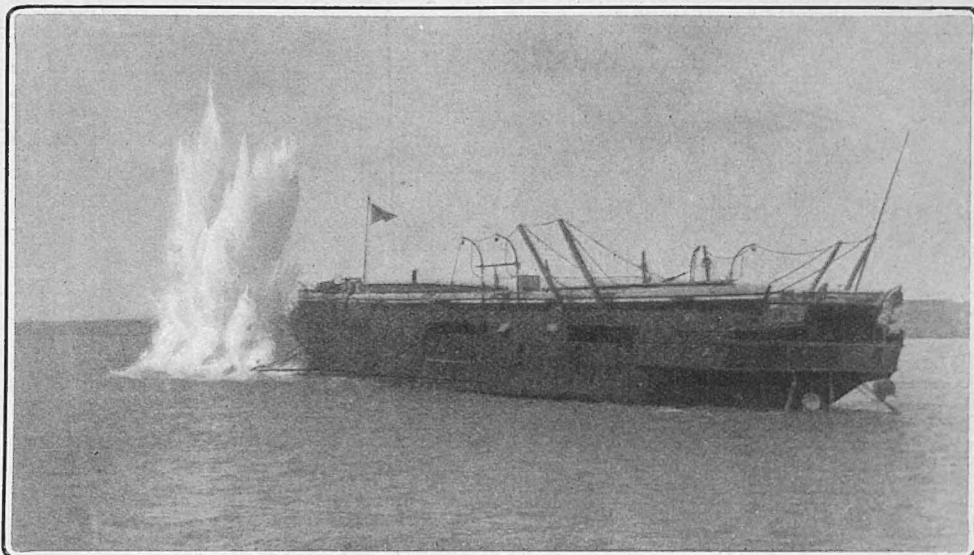
On no Russian have the Japanese successes borne more heavily than Count von Osten Sacken, the Imperial Ambassador in Berlin. For weeks he had been assuring the German Government that the Japanese were "bluffing" and that they would not dare to declare war on Russia. The blow struck at Port Arthur spelled destruction to his Excellency's pride and confusion to his predictions. He looked quite ill when he appeared the other day at the Berlin Court Ball. Perhaps it was natural that the guests of the German Emperor should gaze somewhat curiously at the tall, distinguished form of the Russian Ambassador. He, however, was unable to sustain the universal regard, and left the brilliant rooms of the Imperial Palace within twenty minutes after his arrival there.

The King's Tribute.

His Majesty paid a right royal tribute to the great military veteran who has been the last of British Commanders-in-Chief, and it must indeed have gratified Lord Roberts to receive so touching and finely worded a message from the Sovereign he has served so well. As His Majesty recalled in this touching document, the Field-Marshal has served his country and his throne for over fifty years, performing every duty trusted to him with unswerving zeal and unflinching success. No Commander of modern days has been so dogged by that most mysterious thing, good luck, and now, in the evening of his days, comes this unique tribute. It is hoped that Lord Roberts will devote a portion of his time during the coming year to writing some account of the South African campaign which was brought by him to so triumphant a conclusion. This could not fail to be instructive.

Concerts.

Mr. F. Lamond is, perhaps, after M. Eugène D'Albert, as fine an interpreter of Beethoven as one would desire to hear. At his last concert at the Bechstein Hall he played five of the Sonatas, ranging from quite an early period right down to the end of the great master's career, in a manner that was altogether magnificent. The interpreter who strives to show us, as it were, in one complete picture the moods of Beethoven in his earlier, in his middle, and in his later career needs a versatility and



THE EXPLOSION OF A WHITEHEAD TORPEDO: A CLEVER SNAPSHOT TAKEN AT THE ACTUAL MOMENT OF CONTACT.

By Mr. S. A. Houghton.

a dramatic sense of intrusion upon a master's meaning which must be very exceptional indeed. Mr. Lamond is one of those exceptional interpreters. In the later Sonatas (Op. 110 and 111) he was quite at his best. Many old-fashioned admirers of Beethoven are a little inclined to shake their heads over these compositions, not realising that in them Beethoven was portraying the completion of the battle of his life, and was in an infinitely subtle way, most likely to a large extent subconsciously, showing how, by the withdrawal of superfluity from every young ambition, it was necessary for his great mind to stand face to face with that which was elemental. Let readers forgive this possibly audacious speculation, and let it be recorded that Mr. Lamond achieved a very great and singular triumph. He showed us the precise difference between the artist and the charlatan.

At the last Richter Concert, Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 2 began the entertainment, and although, from an artistic point of view, one might naturally have preferred the Overture No. 3, it was well to hear the magnificent work which is only overshadowed by the later composition, and which in consequence is given all too seldom. Herr Schnabel took the solo part in Brahms's Pianoforte Concerto in B-flat (Op. 83). He played wonderfully well, with a sense of vitality and intelligence that made one at once his admirer; but the work does not exactly prove effective, although a great deal of it has that peculiar majesty which Brahms was very often able to impart to his ideas, however poor they might be in their elements. There are, however, some finely rhetorical moments, and some moments of genuine poetry; but, on the whole, the work is destined for the virtuoso—a fact of which Herr Schnabel, with his splendid equipment, was fully aware. It goes without saying that Herr Richter managed to secure a splendid performance of the Vorspiel to "Parsifal" and the Venusberg of "Tannhäuser," and the evening concluded with Schubert's Symphony in C, which, according to Grove, should be marked No. 12, but which is usually known to the amateur as No. 7. It would be well if the amateur would quickly draw himself into line with Sir George Grove.

The Shakspeare Society, under the direction of Mr. William Poel, has determined to carry its non-scenic crusade for the proper presentation of its Master's works into the provinces. The fact reminds one of an incident in the life of M. Mounet-Sully, perhaps the greatest purely tragic actor of modern days. He was in London shortly after he made his sensational appearance as Hamlet. The upper circles of Bohemia were somewhat fluttered over the announcement of Shakspeare without scenery. The French actor was told of it, and the great claims made for recognition by the Society. He opened his wonderful eyes and uttered one word, "Stupide!"



A PICTURESQUE FLOOD-SCENE IN WEST HERTS.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.



Small Talk on the Boulevards.

ARE we, I wonder, approaching the Millennium? (writes our Paris Correspondent). The Paris interest in the war in the Far-East is purely (or impurely) one of pocket, and Tuesday's mimic battle on the Boulevards showed, by its mildness and its absence of *entrain*, that Parisians have no longer

that affection for the combat which made of yore the Gallic Cock so suitable an emblem of the natural temperament.

I must say that my sympathies have long been with those growlers who would see the confetti abolished. Take Tuesday last, for instance. It was Shrove Tuesday, "Mardi Gras"—the last day before Lent began. I ate pancakes for lunch (in fact, my cook, much to the detriment of a new carpet, insisted on my tossing one myself—"for luck," she said, although she had to do the cleaning-up), and thought that I had done my duty as a citizen, but English friends came in and they insisted upon going out "to see the fun." We didn't. We neither saw fun nor anything else, much. We made a most unpleasant meal of mixed paper and grimy fingers, which frolickers—God bless them!—thrust into our mouths to show us what a rollicking life we were leading, and, after half-an-hour or so of this amusement, the rain came down in torrents and drove both confetti and confetti-throwers within doors.

And that was "Mardi Gras" this year in Paris. That and the next day's police-court list of pockets picked and over-rough horse-play. No drunkenness. Only the "Upper Ten" get drunk in Paris. Since "Mardi Gras," I have been finding confetti in all my pockets; it floats in my bath o' mornings, Fossette—Fossette is a brown poodle, of more than average intelligence, who is my guide, philosopher, and friend—has found a mine of the stuff in her coat, and plays at "Mardi Gras" in clouds of paper every time she shakes herself; and one of my mutton cutlets to-day was stamped with a pink-paper confetti upon its nether-side. The cook says that must be because I will eat mutton cutlets during Lent. But, anyhow, I'm very glad that "Mardi Gras" confetti-throwing shows some signs of dying out here.

The War.

And certainly French interest in the Japanese-Russian War is flagging, although the newspapers, for reasons not entirely unconnected with finance, have done their best to keep it up, and war-maps (made in England or in Germany) are on sale in the libraries and wafered to the windows. The enterprise of the best Paris newspapers is such that one of them has actually despatched a Special Correspondent to St. Petersburg, another has a Correspondent in Manchuria (he has only sent one telegram, as yet, to say the naughty Censor will not let him telegraph, but that is a detail), and the number of Special Correspondents for the Paris Press in London and making daily trips to the offices of the *New York Herald* grows with each day.

And yet the public won't be interested in the Far East fight. "It is to tear out of oneself the hairs," said

a Paris *confrère* who has but few of them, the other day, "to tear out of oneself the hairs! You hide a few francs on a window-sill, and *en avant* the pulling of the paper! You spend large sums in Special Correspondents to London to find news of the war, and, my faith, down it goes—the pulling. Ah bah! It is of a despairing, *mon ami!*" And, for the uninitiated, I may add here that, by the "pulling" of the paper, my *confrère* meant the circulation.

A New Air-ship.

Mr. Ernest Archdeacon has apparently mingled, in his dreams, the ancient song, "I would I were a bird," with "The Importance of being Earnest," by the late Oscar Wilde, and this immixion is responsible for the invention of the very latest form of air-ship, or, I should say, of aviator, on which that well-known sportsman took a very small preliminary flutter at Meudon on Wednesday, before packing his aviator up, taking it to the downs of Berck-sur-Mer, and, starting from a down, attempting to fly up against the wind.

The new air-ship is interesting in formation. Imagine—and the photograph reproduced herewith will help you to do this—two silken platforms, framed in ash, and with a silken roof above them. These platforms are the wings of the machine, and, when Mr. Archdeacon is in the square space between them, a movement of a lever inclines them into any angle he may wish. The weight of the whole thing is only thirty-four kilogrammes, or roughly, sixty-five pounds, and the wings are twenty-four square yards in size. The way in which Mr. Archdeacon means to fly, when he and his machine have reached the beach at Berck, is this. He will choose a high point, stand, with his machine around him, on the top of it, and run. Then, when the wind catches the *aéroplane*, he will throw himself on board, lying flat on his stomach on the silk and framework, then flap the wings and do things with the rudder till the *aéroplane* comes down again. I only hope it will do so with gentleness. Mr. Archdeacon (he is a Frenchman, though his name is unpronounceable on this side of the Channel) is far too valuable an upholder of the best traditions of French sport for anyone to wish him anything but well.

Racing and Betting.

And, talking of French sport, if interest was lacking in the real war and in the mimic one this week, there was no lack of it shown at the opening of steeplechasing at Colombes and Auteuil. In spite of the

weather—and it was bleak and overcast—the crowds were larger than on any first day for years, and betting was distinctly brisk. There is something quite peculiarly uninteresting about the Parisian *Pari-Mutuel* fashion of betting. You go to a wire-netted counter where several old gentlemen sit at the receipt of custom, and plank down five francs or more on your fancy, exactly as if you were taking a ticket for Margate. Then you go out and see the race, and if you win you go to another counter, or the same one, and get your money. If you lose, you throw away the ticket and try to look as if you'd won.



MR. ARCHDEACON'S NEW AIR-SHIP AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN IN FULL FLIGHT.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I DO not take any morning paper quite seriously where its news from the seat of war is concerned. It is clear that "Our Special Correspondent" is doing his best, and that, in the face of the strict censorship on the one hand and the bazaar rumours on the other, his best does not amount to much. Strange as it may appear, Japan, in her conduct of the present campaign, is not taking the requirements of the daily paper into consideration at all. She is deliberately withholding news, and though some of "Our Own Correspondents" are doing their best to anticipate events intelligently, they have not the unity of purpose that makes for sustained effect. When, last year, the great rising in Morocco took place, and Correspondents were sent from Madrid and Paris to Tangier, they did much better. Realising that no reliable news was to be had, they used to make a daily collection of the rumours that were current in the market-place, consider them carefully in a café, select the most interesting, and telegraph them home. In this way there was an agreement in the Continental news that was quite impressive, and, at the same time, these Correspondents saved themselves a lot of trouble, and enabled an English *confrère* to make something like a reputation. He would wait until they had sent their wires, and would then wire to his paper contradicting their statements *in toto*. He was the only man who never made a mistake.

An article dealing with the agricultural outlook in my morning paper reminds me that Swinburne was right when he wrote of—

Wan February, with weeping cheer,
Whose cold hand guides the youngling year
Down misty roads of mire and rime.

The outlook is a terrible one for farmers who have a large share of heavy arable land. In many places the wheat-crop is already marked out for destruction, and the wet has taken all quality out of the manure that was set upon the land. With last year's crop a failure and this year's doomed before it is grown, small wonder if there is deep distress among the agricultural classes in the later season. For some weeks past, farm-labourers have not been able to go upon the land, it has been so wet, and it is useless to try to use ploughs or horses upon ground that cannot bear their weight. We are accustomed to associate shepherds with those who watched their flocks by night on an historic occasion, and pictures of them suggest that the task was not an unpleasant one. But the shepherds who have been watching their flocks by night all over the British Isles during the past month are greatly to be pitied. They have been having the hardest of hard times, and the case of young lambs born upon the hillsides during this cruel season has been pitiful.

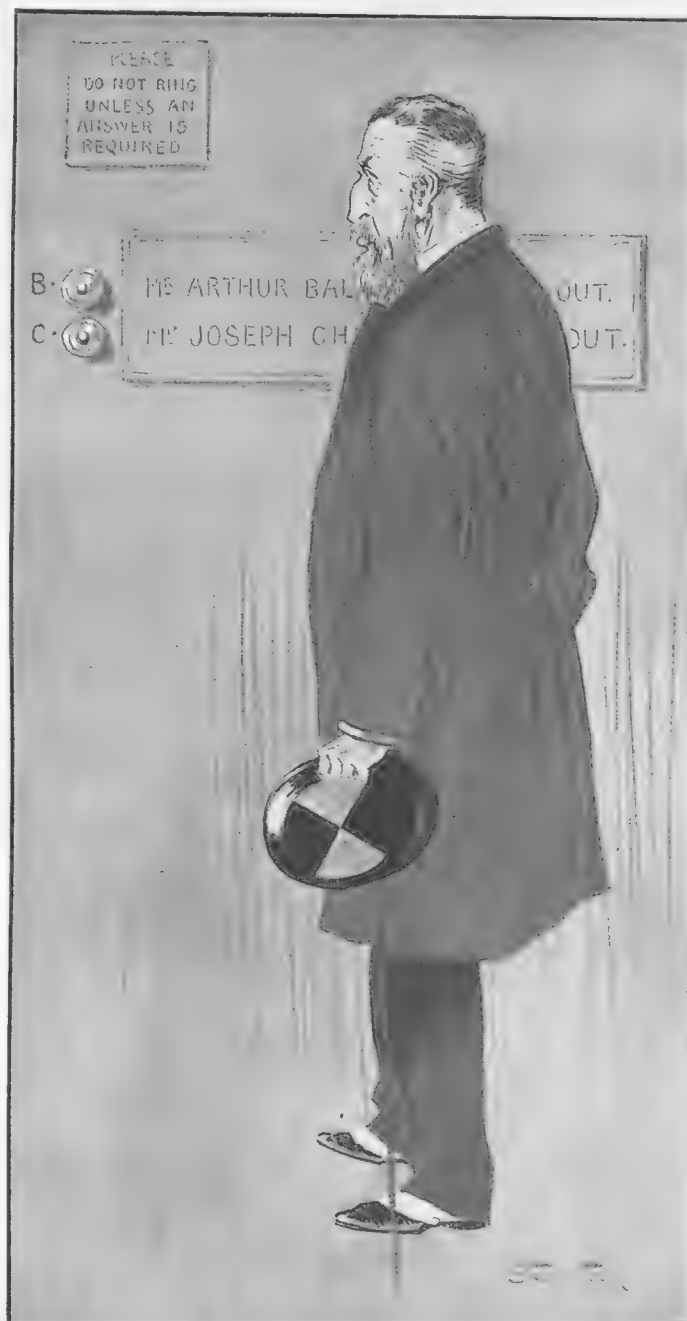
The war in the Far East will have some curious, unexpected effects upon our home-life. My morning paper speaks of a shortage in the butter-supply. In times of peace, Siberian dairy-farms send vast quantities of butter to Europe. Some goes to England, more goes to Denmark and Holland, and there releases native supplies for the London markets. Now there is no room for butter on the trains that travel over the notorious railway's ill-laid lines, and no butter will make its way to Western Europe. Agricultural authorities believe that the shortage will amount to an average of one hundred tons a day.

We shall probably find other sources of supply outside our own land, and the only result may be to raise the price slightly against the consumer. But in Siberia the suspension of the traffic can hardly fail to create considerable distress, for, supposing that the butter yields no more than fifty pounds a ton—less than sixpence a pound—and that Siberia exports but three hundred tons in a week, the loss of revenue will be about sixty thousand pounds a month. In places where a little money goes a very long way, it is well-nigh impossible to overestimate the distress that the change will occasion. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and exiles to Siberia may find some consolation in a plentiful supply of cheap fresh butter.

It has always been matter of wonder to me that people can be found to justify the administration of the Belgian Congo. One may hope that, in the light of Parliamentary Paper "Africa No. 1, 1904," these well-meaning but ill-informed folk will cease from troubling. This paper contains the correspondence between the Foreign Office in London and Sir Constantine Phipps, our representative at Brussels, and gives the report of Mr. Consul Casement and an impression recorded by Lord Cromer when he visited the Congo last year. The case is very black against King Leopold's representatives. We read of districts that have lost sixty per cent. of their inhabitants, of wholesale slaughter, torture, and cannibalism, all accomplished in the sacred name of rubber. Small wonder that the natives have developed the worst that is in them, or that no white man dares go out in some parts of King Leopold's territory without an escort. One hopes that the pressure of work in many parts of Empire will not hinder Great Britain and other interested Powers from forcing King Leopold to keep his house in order or hand it over to those who will do so for him. For the officials who have brought the name of white man into disrepute I have but one pious wish. It is that circumstances may conspire to hand them over to the men whose families and friends they have outraged and murdered.

Another Parliamentary Paper of high interest just now is "China No. 2, 1904." This dull and uninspiring title hides the whole story of the negotiations that have been passing between St. Petersburg and London with reference to Manchuria since the days when Russia took so full an advantage of the "Boxer" rising. By the way, how interesting it is just now to recall the fact that, while Russia claimed

indemnity on account of a force of a hundred and ninety-seven thousand men, she had no more than fifty thousand in Manchuria at any time during the campaign. The whole correspondence, to which Sir Charles Scott, Sir Ernest Satow, and Sir Claude MacDonald contribute, is a damning exposure of Russian diplomatic methods. Suave, mendacious evasion characterises it from first to last; but, in the light of the South African War, one can see readily enough that British administrators could do little more than press with polite insistence for changes they could hardly hope to bring about. Doubtless, had there been no South African War, a far stronger line of policy might have been taken up, but our Foreign Office was too wise to "bluff." If Russia had been equally wise in her dealings with Japan, there would have been no war to deplore to-day.



THE DUKE: *Most awkward! And I particularly wanted to ask some questions.*

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

"THE EARL AND THE GIRL," AT THE ADELPHI.

MR. HENRY LYTTON AND MISS AGNES FRASER.



*"Do you remember when I played
Outsidè your house a serenade?
I sang as well, though I'm afraid
My voice was far from strong, dear!"*



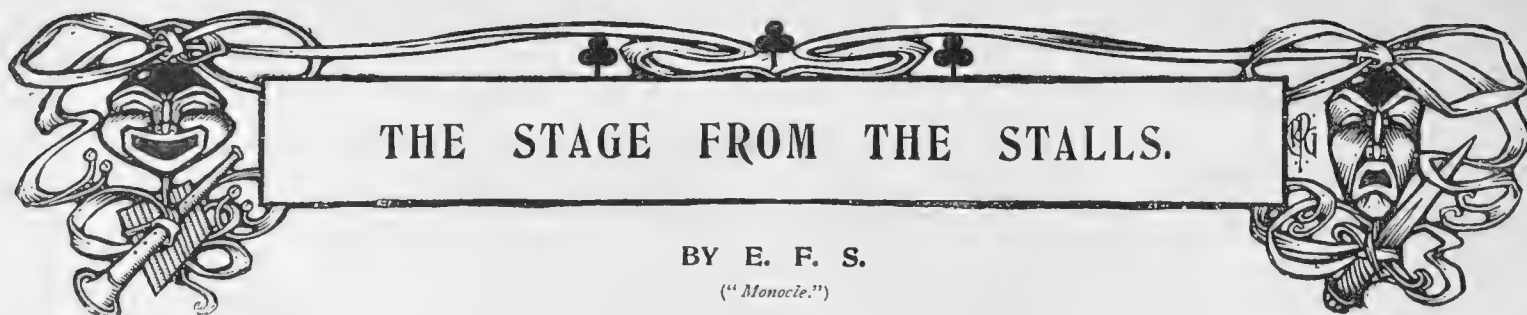
*"The next time that I saw your face
Was at a well-known seaside place,
Where, as is often now the case,
Mixed bathing was allowed, dear!"*



*"And then there was that day, you know,
When you and I, not long ago,
Went on the river for a row,
At Hampton Court or Kew, dear!"*



*"In a cosy corner, shady,
Where I sit with my darling lady,
With 'her dear little hand in mine,
And gaze into eyes divine."*



"MY LADY OF ROSEDALE"—"CAPTAIN DIEPPE"—"THE ARM OF THE LAW"—"ROMEO AND JULIET"—"AMORELLE"—"A MAN OF HONOUR."

THE list set out above shows a good instance of the curious fact that plays come in batches, to the great inconvenience of the critic, who is more than human if he does not get a little tired of the theatre, temporarily, when—for the list is not quite complete—he has a first-night during eight successive days, excluding the Sunday. Obviously, in the space at my command, I cannot do anything like justice to such a crop in this week's issue, and so it seems best to give a few general remarks and speak again of some of the works later. Sir Charles Wyndham's production, "My Lady of Rosedale," is such an ingenious adaptation by Mr. J. Comyns Carr of "La Châtelaine" that no one would have guessed that the audacious Capus was the author. One looks vainly in it for the qualities which have enabled the frivolous French writer to leap to the top of the tree. Indeed, were it not for the fact that the amiable sweethearts are looking upon Sir Francis Jeune as their God of Marriage, we might have regarded the play as a conventional English sentimental comedy, smarter in dialogue and cruder in construction than most successful works of its class. It seems a little rash to provoke the wrath of those playgoers who rail against the famous Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857, which deprived the rich of the monopoly of divorce, and even those who consider the possibility of dissolution of marriage as a necessary kind of safety-valve for society may regard the ante-divorce courtship with some disfavour. Still, if such people were present on the first-night, they held their tongues, and everyone agreed that Sir Charles played the scene in which he agreed to buy the Castle in his best style, and, this, of course, is exceedingly high praise.

It seemed strange that Miss Mary Moore, just after giving the best and most successful performance in her career, should have been content with the tiny little part of Lady Mordaunt, whilst Miss Gertrude Kingston presented Lady Prothero; perhaps Miss Moore did not like the scenes in which the wife of the Puisne Judge looked suspiciously like an ordinary stage-villain of the tender sex. Miss Kingston carried through her part very cleverly, with a light touch that required great skill. The charm of Miss Terry-Lewis is essentially the charm of maid, not matron; therefore, whilst, on the one hand, the suggestion that she was mother of the six-year-old Jack seemed incredible, on the other, the essential ugliness of the courtship was lost sight of because Sir Charles seemed to be wooing a girl. There is a great deal of skill in her work. Mr. Eille Norwood made quite a "hit" as the husband of the grass-widow, selfishly determined to keep Wigram off the grass. Mr. Alfred Bishop—invaluable actor—Mr. Nye Chart, and Miss Lettice Fairfax rendered very useful service in the lighter scenes.

A fact concerning "Captain Dieppe" seems to explain the vogue of musical comedy: some complained that it is confusing and not easily understood. Certainly it is logical and consistent, but slightly intricate as an intrigue, so that to follow the thread you must take the trouble to listen—and you will be rewarded. People, however, who did not take this trouble, but spent half the evening in looking about the theatre and whispering, may have been perplexed at times—for such people musical comedy is the true fare, since they need not waste time in trying to follow the simple story started in the first Act and lost during the *entr'acte*. That many listened and were amused was shown by the laughter, and there would have been more laughter had some of the scenes been a little shorter and taken a shade faster. Not only is the tendency to slow acting very marked at present, but in play after play one has scenes thoroughly successful up to a certain point—and prolonged beyond it; there appears a dearth of blue pencils in theatredom. "Let them want more" should be the maxim of the stage-manager. It must be admitted that we want a little more of "Captain Dieppe." Curiosity whether the hero of a romantic farce who is to wed a charming young Countess is a rascally adventurer or a decent fellow is surely legitimate. An early novel by Mr. Anthony Hope would, I believe, tell us; the secret of several defects in the play lies, perhaps, in the fact that it is an adaptation from a novel.

Mr. H. B. Irving's dry, calm humour proved of inestimable value, and came in agreeable contrast with the volatile gaiety and light charm of Miss Irene Vanbrugh. Miss Miriam Clements, not quite, perhaps, in her true element, played with skill; Mr. Holthoir distinguished himself by an able performance; Mr. Dion Boucicault once more gave an admirable quiet piece of acting in an important minor part; I wonder whether some objection may not be raised to the presentation of the village priest as party to a host of lies, told, no doubt, with excellent intentions. Mr. O'Neill gave a clever character-sketch.

Our players and producers are not, as a rule, very successful in giving a foreign air to plays set abroad. There was nothing Italian save the names and scenery in "Captain Dieppe," and, except in a few touches by Mr. Bouchier, there is little in the manners, costumes, and bearing of the French characters of "The Arm of the Law" to indicate provincial life in France. This was disadvantageous in the first Act, where everything said (except the efforts at the word "Monsieur") was prodigiously and correctly un-English. When dealing with ideas so utterly foreign to us as those attacked by M. Brieux, it is of vast importance to have a foreign atmosphere, otherwise much that is true must seem incredible. Some of the play is improbable in itself, or rather, unreal, because the pamphlet-playwright combines extraordinary circumstances under pretence of demonstrating the wickedness of the normal system. Still, even if the question of promotion of the Judges leaves us cold and the episode of Vagret's determination to do his duty at the cost of ruin is not quite effective, a powerful, crude melodrama emerges and catches the heart of the audience. Painful, horrible, but exciting is the torture of the two Basque peasants by Mouzon, the *Juge d'Instruction*, the counterpart of whom we do not possess. To see in living action the wiles and devices, the brutalities and the base lures, employed to drag a confession from the peasant who may or may not be guilty undoubtedly gives the kind of sensation that playgoers love. Fortunately, in Mr. Bouchier and Mr. Robertshaw and Miss Violet Vanbrugh we had three players who presented the parts with real power. The agony was drawn out a little too long, but the audience was enthusiastic at the varied and vivid outbursts. All three certainly gave more powerful performances than ever before. It must be suggested that the effect would be heightened if the comic note introduced by way of contrast were more restrained.

The "Romeo and Juliet" production at the Court, if not the ideal, the unattainable ideal, is a very creditable affair, and deserves support, particularly of those who complain of the neglect of Shakspeare's works and the insult of over-mounting when one is given. For the scenery and appointments are not distractingly gorgeous, nor yet irritatingly mean. Mr. Charles Lander's Romeo is dignified and agreeable in the love-scenes, and his diction is sound; but his work is less satisfactory in the tragic passages: very much the same may be said of Mrs. Leigh, quite charming as Juliet the simple girl. The balcony scene is really pleasing. The rest of the cast is earnest and careful and gives a fair all-round performance.

"A Man of Honour," Mr. Maugham's play—the first Stage Society production to reach the common boards, but not, I hope the last—has been a little altered, and not quite advantageously. It still remains a really remarkable comedy, one which, for power of observation and consistent aim at truth, has had few English parallels, if any, of late years, save in the works of Mr. Pinero. Of course, the author has not at a bound reached the immense technical skill of our leading dramatist. Like the author of "Letty," he has found his ending very difficult. Instead of avoiding the difficulty by writing an epilogue, he has faced it and found an anti-climax and a conclusion of almost too cruel truth. The story of Basil Kent, the gentleman who, out of a sense of duty and pity, marries Jenny Bush, the barmaid, a girl who has no quality save a power for loving, and, alas, loving selfishly and tactlessly, may be common enough, but the author, by his art, renders it intensely vivid and interesting.

Fortunately, Mr. Maugham is well served. Miss Muriel Wylford seems to grasp every side of Jenny's character; her slyness, her knowledge of her vulgarity and inability to repress it, her vanity, her jealousy, her pathetic humility, her virtues run to faults, and her fierce, blind, almost dog-like devotion—all are indicated without effort. She is detestable and almost lovable at the same time. With nice restraint, Miss Wylford plays the strong passages powerfully, and the lighter scenes are as good; I may call her Jenny one of the ablest pieces of acting in the London theatres without exaggeration. Mr. Ben Webster finely presents the man of honour brave enough to win a cross in the South African War, keen enough in his sense of honour to marry the girl he has ruined, and too weak to make the best of his bargain. Other gentlemen have married a Jenny and made a sort of semi-endurable life of the marriage. The actor is remarkably successful in his study of the man, and plays admirably. Excellent work is given by Mr. Hallard as a "chorus" friend, by Mr. Trollope in a richly comic part as Jenny's brother, and by Miss Mona Oram.

Tennyson's Heroines.

*

Drawn by A. Forestier.

XI.—“LADY CLARE.”

*“She clad herself in a russet gown,
 She was no longer Lady Clare;
 She went by dale, and she went by down,
 With a single rose in her hair.”*

*“The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
 Leapt up from where she lay,
 Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
 And follow'd her all the way.”*

THE SUBMARINE IN ACTION. By H. C. FYFE.

WHETHER the submarine-boat will play any part in the Russo-Japanese War remains to be seen. Japan possesses no diving torpedo-boats, but Russia, though she has been doing her best to prevent the details from leaking out, has at least two or three modern specimens of these new engines of naval warfare capable of taking part in an engagement.

A few weeks ago, there was launched at the Baltic Works, at Cronstadt, an entirely novel type of under-water fighting-vessel, named the *Petr Kochka*. She has been built from the designs of an officer in the Russian Navy, Lieutenant Kolbassieff, who has been aided by Naval Engineer Kontoinikoff. From what one can gather, her trials have been crowned with success and her performances have satisfied the naval officers and experts who were appointed to report on her capabilities. At least three or four of this type are in various stages of construction, and efforts are being made to get them finished in the quickest possible time.

The most original feature of the *Petr Kochka*, and the one which differentiates her most markedly from the British, American, or French

Howgate, and brought overland to Charleston. She had lateral fins by which she could be raised or lowered, and ballast-tanks to lighten her and enable her to rise to the surface, though these, we read, uniformly refused to act. She carried no reserve of air, and hence she well deserved the name "peripatetic coffin." She was about fifty feet long, and elliptical in transverse section. Her crew consisted of nine men, eight of whom propelled the vessel by operating cranks on the screw-shaft, while the ninth acted as pilot.

During her first cruise, under the orders of Lieutenant Payne, an enemy's vessel passed close to her without noticing her, but the swell raised by the paddles sank the *David*, and Payne alone of all the crew saved himself. When the boat was recovered from the bottom, Lieutenant Payne persuaded eight sailors to embark with him; a squall of wind caused the boat to fill with water, Lieutenant Payne and two bluejackets alone escaping by leaping out of her as she went down. No sooner was the boat recovered from the bottom than her gallant Commander offered to try again. A new crew volunteered, and all went well for a time. But one night, off Fort Sumter, she



THE NEW RUSSIAN SUBMARINE-BOAT, THE "PETR KOCHKA," PROBABLY TO BE USED AGAINST THE JAPANESE.

craft, is the fact that she is built up of nine sections, and can thus be transported easily over the Siberian Railway to the Pacific.

The *Petr Kochka* is seventy-seven feet long, fourteen feet beam, has a displacement of twenty tons, and carries a crew of twelve. Her motive-power on the surface is a petrol engine; while submerged she is driven by an electric motor, fed by accumulators. The three centre sections contain the propelling mechanism; the accumulators, which are of the Bâri type, take up the best part of three more sections; the stern and forward sections are cut away at the top and bottom, and are fitted with planes for raising and lowering her. The armament consists of two Whitehead torpedoes, carried outside, pointing fore and aft, and capable of being trained over a large arc. In the British submarines, the five torpedoes are carried in the interior.

Once only has a submarine-boat succeeded in inflicting any damage on an enemy in actual warfare. The story of the blowing-up of the Federal frigate *Housatonic*, of 1264 tons and carrying thirteen guns, by the little Confederate *David*, during the American Civil War, is probably unknown to most of the present generation, and it may therefore be well to recall the chief incidents.

The name *David* was given by the Confederates to the various torpedo-craft, capable of navigating in the semi or wholly submerged condition, which they employed during the war. The particular *David* that sank the *Housatonic*, on the night of Feb. 17, 1864, in Charleston Harbour, was built at Mobile by Messrs. McClintock and

capsized, and only four (of whom Lieutenant Payne was one) escaped. A third time she was raised, and the next essay was made in the Cooper River, under the lead of Mr. Aunley, one of the men who had constructed the boat. Alas, she sank for the fourth time, having caught her nose in the bottom, and all hands were drowned. Once more she was recovered, only to foul the cable of a schooner at anchor in the harbour and to sink for a fifth time.

One might think that the brave Southern sailors would fight shy of the submarine, but, on the contrary, they were as ready as ever to face death again. The *David* was recovered, and Lieutenant Dixon and Captain Carlson volunteered, with five others, to take her out against the Northern Fleet.

The *David* that finally succeeded in sinking the *Housatonic* proved so costly an experiment in human lives because she was not worked as a submarine, but as a low free-board, surface torpedo-boat, a purpose for which she was never designed and for which, as we have seen, she proved dangerous and inefficient. As someone has observed, she was intended for submerging at pleasure—her own pleasure, however, not that of her crew. During the attack on the *Housatonic* on Feb. 17, the vessel did not run under water. The crew submerged it to the hatch-combing and left the cover open. The attack was made by a spar-torpedo, the Whitehead not being then invented, and the wave thrown up by the explosion when it struck the *Housatonic* entered the open hatchway and swamped the *David*.

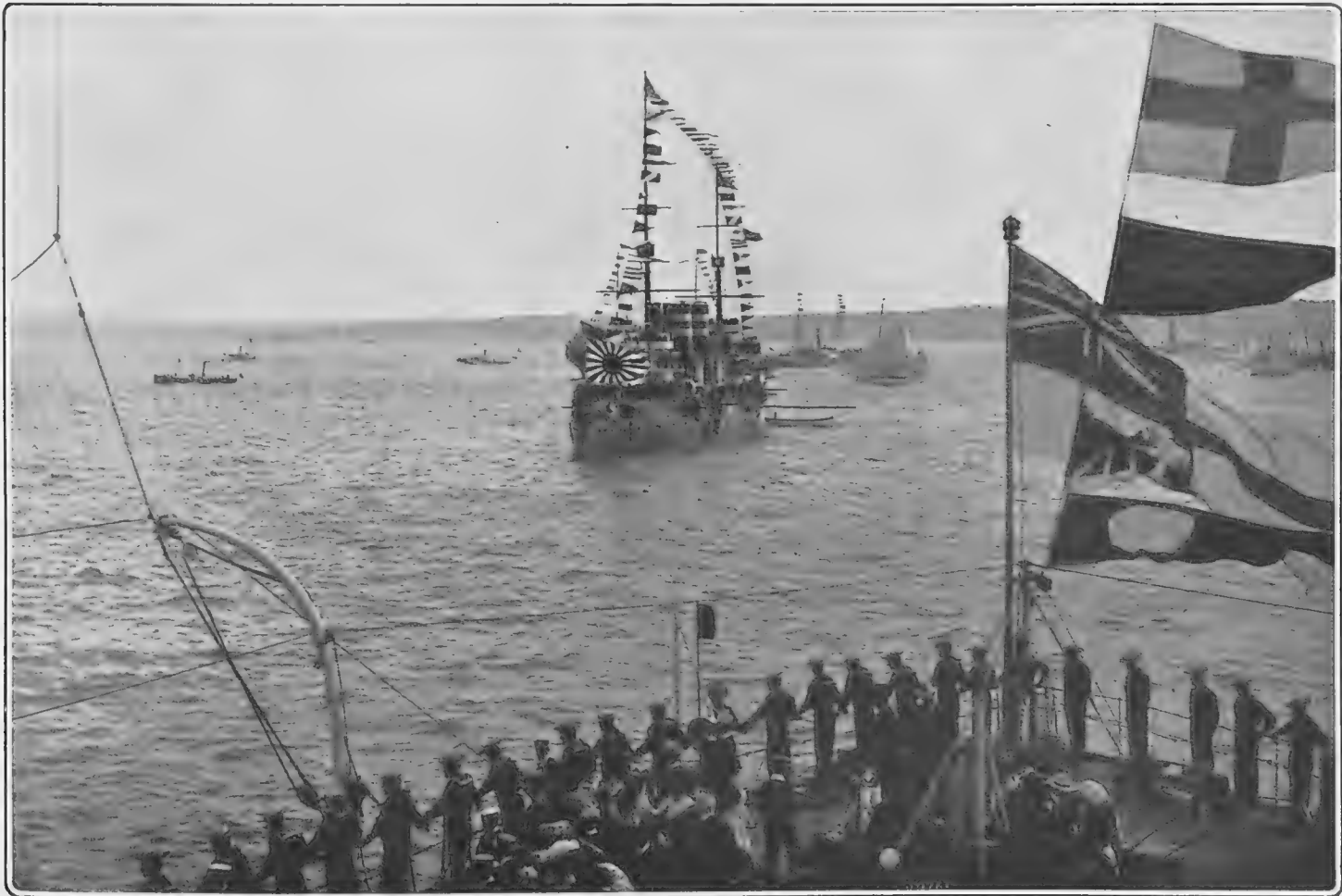
“THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE.”



British. French. French. Italian. British. Japanese. British. British.

JAPANESE, BRITISH, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH OFFICERS AT THE BRITISH ARMY MANŒUVRES IN SEPTEMBER LAST.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.



THE JAPANESE WARSHIP “ASAMA” IN BRITISH WATERS.

Photograph by Gregory, Strand.

LIFE IN JAPAN: SOME TYPICAL SCENES.



COLOURING PHOTOGRAPHS, AN INDUSTRY FOR WHICH THE JAPANESE ARE FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER.



AN ITINERANT BROOM-SELLER.

Photographs by E. Enami, Japan.

LIFE IN JAPAN: SOME TYPICAL SCENES.



PLAYING THE KOTO, AN INSTRUMENT USED IN THE TEA-HOUSES.



A JAPANESE BED, SHOWING THE WOODEN HEAD-RESTS USED TO PREVENT THE HAIR, WHICH IS DRESSED ONLY ONCE A WEEK, FROM GETTING OUT OF ORDER.

Photographs by E. Enami, Japan.

MR. GEORGE CADBURY:

CHAIRMAN OF CADBURY BROTHERS, LIMITED; CHAIRMAN OF "DAILY NEWS," LIMITED.

"A PRACTICAL mystic." Those words used by Lord Rosebery to define Cromwell have been applied by another writer to define Mr. George Cadbury, "the greatest municipal statesman of the age," as men have already begun to call him.

In further definition of a practical mystic, Lord Rosebery said it was "the most formidable and terrible of all combinations. A man

characteristics. It seems curious to be assured that Mr. Cadbury has confessed to "a great dread of being connected with a daily newspaper." For some weeks after he was first approached, he even refused to have anything to do with the scheme; but considerations which he thought overwhelming compelled him to accept the overtures made to him, and, to quote his own words, he "earnestly resolved that, as far as my personal influence would extend, the *Daily News* should endeavour to bring the ethical teaching of Jesus Christ to bear upon political questions."

Mr. Cadbury's entrance into the newspaper world came as a surprise to his friends, but, probably, with that surprise came the assurance of the ultimate success of the venture, for no one who has followed Mr. Cadbury's career, however cursorily, can ever believe that the word "fail" exists in the dictionary of his life. On a new era of success the *Daily News* is, probably, entering with its change of price, a change which it is safe to say does not mean a change of policy, for certain things are, and always will be, barred from appearance in the columns of that journal.

Perhaps one of the factors which go to explain the remarkable qualities so conspicuously demonstrated by Mr. Cadbury's career is that he has sprung from Quaker stock, a race which not only believes strongly, but is willing to do and suffer everything for that belief. One of his ancestors was that Tapper who, converted by George Fox, was imprisoned in the jail at Exeter in 1693 because he was a Quaker. In 1725, Miss Tapper married John Cadbury, after having become one of the Society of Friends. It was John Cadbury's great-grandson who, in the second quarter of the last century, began experimenting with cocoa and chocolate, and so laid the foundations of the present house of Cadbury. Into the business Mr. George Cadbury entered when he was seventeen, and it was not long before he began his career of reformation and the amelioration of the lot of the labourer. He found that the highest wage women could earn in the employ of the firm was five shillings a-week. It seemed to him quite wrong. He forthwith determined to redress that wrong, and their wages were raised all round.

After a time came another reform no less remarkable and no less characteristic. Mr. Cadbury determined that the work of his firm should begin with a short service of prayer. Attendance was not compulsory; but, as the time was part of that belonging to the firm and paid for by it, Mr. Cadbury decided that those who did not care to attend must do their work. It was significant of the broad-mindedness of the young man that there was nothing of a denominational character in the service. In proof of this, a large number of Roman Catholics used to attend of their own accord. The local priest was, not unnaturally, somewhat concerned at the idea of his people voluntarily attending a service not of their own Church. Ultimately, the matter came to the ears of Cardinal Newman, who went down and saw Mr. Cadbury. The upshot of the matter was that the great Roman Catholic Prelate; it is said, before he left, lifted his hands and gave Mr. Cadbury his blessing. Could any greater tribute be paid to the single-heartedness of the man who, at the time, arranged for a special service for the girls who were Roman Catholics? This, however, has long been discontinued, and the service consists of the singing of a hymn, the reading of a chapter of the Bible, and a short prayer.



AT HIS OFFICE IN THE WORKS AT BOURNVILLE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

who combines inspiration apparently derived from close communication with the supernatural and the celestial, a man who has that inspiration, and adds to it the energy of a mighty man of action, such a man as that lives in communion on a Sinai of his own, and, when he pleases to come down to this world below, seems armed with no less than the terrors and decrees of the Almighty himself."

To the practical mysticism of Mr. George Cadbury, however, there must be added another and less terrible side—the side which tends to mercy, the alleviation of distress, and the bettering of the world in which he lives and moves and has his being.

This latter phase of Mr. Cadbury's character has had ample opportunities for its display at Bournville, the village in which the army of workers in the famous cocoa and chocolate establishment which has carried the name of his firm to every nook and cranny of the world are housed. Bournville also proves the practical side of his character, which has been vividly demonstrated in London during the last few days. No one needs reminding that, a couple of years ago, Mr. Cadbury became one of the chief proprietors of the *Daily News*. Suddenly, without any warning or preliminary gossip, it was announced that that paper, with its great literary traditions, would lower its price from a penny to a halfpenny, and the change took effect at the beginning of last week. There can be little doubt but that the scheme owes not a little to his far-sighted policy, for far-sightedness is a quality which even his enemies—supposing he had any, which is hardly likely—would be the first to concede as being among his exceptional



BOURNVILLE MODEL VILLAGE, BUILT BY MR. CADBURY FOR HIS EMPLOYEES IN THE COCOA-WORKS.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

LXXVIII.—MR. GEORGE CADBURY.



A FAMILY GROUP.



AT 6.15 EVERY MORNING.



MISS DOROTHEA CADBURY AND HER PONY.

It was in 1861 that Mr. George Cadbury, with his brother Richard, took over the business and started it as Cadbury Brothers. They threw themselves heart and soul into their work, and acted as their own travellers. For eighteen years they worked, gradually expanding their business, until in 1879 they employed two hundred and fifty hands. Then Mr. Cadbury took a step which his friends were kind enough to assure him meant ruin. He thought otherwise, and, accustomed to act by the light of his own intelligence instead of borrowing the brains of others, he remained firm in his policy. He carried his works away from Birmingham to what is now the village of Bournville, one of those "garden cities" of which we hear so much at present, and in which labour is dignified so that it yields an abundant harvest of self-respect and comfort. In Bournville, close on four thousand people who depend for their subsistence on the firm live in surroundings which are artistic and are dominated by hygienic conditions. The cottages differ in design, but every one has been planned with the utmost care, and each has its garden in front and back, six hundred square yards being allowed for each house. Thus the opportunity of cultivating a little plot of land is given to everyone, and the opportunity is made the most of. In addition, there are a cricket-field, football-fields, an open-air swimming-bath, recreation-rooms, and an institute for the boys in this ideal village, where the best food is to be bought at cost-price.

For his work-people, indeed, Mr. Cadbury may be said to have that consideration which a father has for his children, and his children in the widest sense of the word Mr. Cadbury, no doubt, regards his employees, for to him, by virtue of his position, they must look for the material elements of their welfare, and they are linked to him by the brotherhood of humanity, whose claims he recognises as pre-eminent in a world in which selfishness and self-interest are too apt to overgrow the finer elements of feeling.

The secret of Mr. Cadbury's success is not difficult to understand when one remembers that, for the first ten years of his business-life, he worked from seven in the morning until nine at night for six days in the week. On the seventh, instead of taking his ease, he devoted himself to teaching in Sunday School. Beginning with a small class of youths, the school has developed into the great Adult First Day School, which meets at seven o'clock in the morning. The schools are five miles from Mr. Cadbury's home, but, mounted on horseback or on his bicycle, he starts shortly after six, so as to be in time to breakfast with his fellow-workers before opening the school at 7.30.

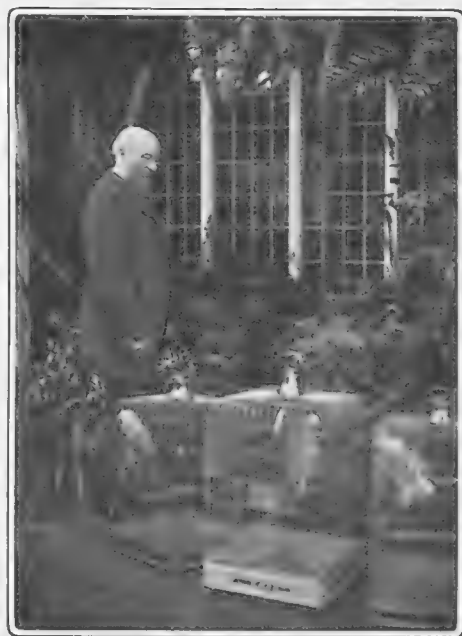
It goes without the saying that Mr. Cadbury is a great temperance reformer, but, recognising that alcohol may have its advantages in certain cases, he modified the idea of prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor. Any profit derived from its sale at Bournville has, however, to go to the provision of other attractions, and no place for the making or selling of alcohol can be established without the unanimous consent of the Trustees in whom he has vested the village, a gift which represents close on two hundred thousand pounds. At present, the rent-roll of the estate is rather more than five thousand pounds, but Mr. Cadbury expects that, if the Trust is administered in a business-like manner, the income in the course of a century and a-half will be nearer a million sterling. Then who shall say what will be the power of the idea started by the intelligent and far-seeing judgment of Mr. George Cadbury, the "practical mystic"?



OFF TO THE WORKS.



MRS. CADBURY ENCHAN IS OUR INTERVIEWER



THE HOUR BEFORE DINNER.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. W. H. RIDEING, of the *Youth's Companion*, has written a novel, "How Tyson Came Home," which will be published by Mr. John Lane. It tells the story of a Colonial Englishman who returns to his old home after a long absence out West. Mr. Rideing is very well known to literary men in England. He used to arrange for articles in the *North American Review* as well as the *Youth's Companion*, and thus came in contact with many of our most distinguished men of letters. In particular, he was successful in inducing Mr. Gladstone to answer Colonel Ingersoll. Mr. Rideing, who is an excellent story-teller, might well put together his more remarkable experiences.

Now that the day of overwhelming sales seems to have passed, it is opportune to recall the "six-figure" novels, as is done by a writer in the *Critic*. The figures seem to relate to America and do not include English sales. If these were added, the numbers would be considerably larger even than they are. "David Harum" is easily the leader, with the enormous circulation of 727,000. Next come "Black Rock," by Ralph Connor, "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill, "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill, "Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller, and "When Knighthood was in Flower," by Charles Major, with 400,000 each. Then comes "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" with 345,000. "The Eternal City," by Hall Caine, reaches 175,000, followed closely by "The Jungle Books," by Rudyard Kipling, with 174,000. These are the only English names which figure on the list. Miss Marie Corelli has a large public in America, but apparently not a six-figure public. I note with surprise that Mr. Cable's novel, "The Cavalier," has had a circulation of 150,000, and Mr. Nelson Page's "Gordon Keith" no fewer than 200,000. These are good books, but certainly not on the highest level attained by their authors. On the whole, while it may be too much to say with the *Critic* that "reason feels baffled and outdone" in face of the facts, it must be admitted that they are not inspiring.

According to Arthur Pendenys, there is good reason to believe that the best of the Creevey Papers remains, so far, unpublished. Many will echo his hope that Mr. Murray will not, in a moment of squeamishness, consign the unpublished materials to the fire, as his forbears treated Byron's Journal.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has admitted to a New York interviewer that he is the original of Ulick in George Moore's "Evelyn Innes." The description, as all who know Mr. Yeats will admit, is remarkably true and vivid—

He had one of those long . . . faces, all in a straight line, with flat, slightly hollow cheeks, and a long chin. It was clean-shaven, and a heavy mop of black hair was always falling over his eyes. It was his eyes that gave a sombre, ecstatic character to his face. They were large, dark, deeply set, singularly shaped, and they seemed to smoulder like fires in caves, leaping and sinking out of darkness. He was a tall, thin young man, and he wore a black jacket and a long blue necktie, tied with ends hanging loose over his coat. . . . At that moment she remarked that Ulick's teeth were almost the most beautiful she had ever seen, and that they shone like snow in his dark face.

Mr. Yeats does not mind Ulick doing things he never did, but declines to be responsible for commonplaces which he never uttered.

Reminiscences of Herbert Spencer accumulate, and not the least interesting are those of Mrs. G. W. Smalley, who used to meet him at Huxley's house in Marlborough Place, where he frequently visited on Sunday evenings. He was very happy with Huxley's family, and unbent

in their midst as he rarely did elsewhere. His peculiarities, however, asserted themselves at times. One night, he said to Mrs. Smalley, who sat next him at supper: "I do not feel well to-night and cannot bear to argue, so please not to contradict me." At another time, when he was studying the phenomena of the affections and love, and wanted to get data, he put many questions to his friend, as if it were a thing beyond his grasp. She answered as well as she could, and he declared that he thought he had experienced some of the symptoms!

Canon Ainger commenced his literary career as long ago as 1859, when he contributed a paper on "Books and their Uses" to *Macmillan's Magazine*, then under the editorship of Professor Masson. Ainger was then only twenty-two. He wrote under the pseudonym of "Doubleday," and the first sentence of the article is, "Charles Lamb's friend who left off reading to the great increase of his originality assuredly erred on the right side." He thus opened his work as well as ended it with Charles Lamb. I have not seen it mentioned that at the time of his death he was engaged on a new issue of his edition of Lamb.

Admirable and charming as Canon Ainger's personality was, he had his foibles. He was very sensitive, very easily put out, and he did not at all relish recent invasions of his field and strictures of his work. The paper is slight and boyish, but it is characteristic. He advises that reviews of books should never be read till the book itself has been perused. "Then let us compare our impressions, if it may be, with the large and reverent judgment of a fuller knowledge than our own. If you would know where to find such, read Robertson's Lectures or Bucknill on the 'Psychology of Shakspeare.'" The close of the paper is characteristic: "Thank God for books," said Sydney Smith; and

who that has known what it is to depend on them for companionship but will say from his heart, 'Amen'? In lone country houses where friends are few, in crowded city streets amid greetings where no kindness is, thank God for books! Dearest, best of friends—soothing, comforting, teaching, carrying us far away from the 'briars of this working-day world'; never importunate, never impatient—may we learn to use you as you use us!"

Someone has been at pains to reckon the references to poetry in the Letters of Keats. There are sixty-three to Shakspeare, twenty to Milton, six to Homer, six to Dante, and five to Chaucer. Spenser and Shelley are mentioned twice. The predominance of Shakspeare, and, in a lesser degree, of Milton, over the mind of Keats is very remarkable. He seems to have read most of the verse of his contemporaries, but to have been influenced by none of it, with the possible exception of certain things in Wordsworth.

Some very interesting notes were recently published of the late M. Marinoni, one of the most successful newspaper-proprietors of our times. He began as a mechanic, earning four and a-half francs a-day, and supporting out of it a wife and two children. Most of his education was obtained at an evening school for the apprentices of Paris. When he was twenty-five, after very many failures, he constructed a four-cylinder machine for printing newspapers, and from that day he never looked back. In all, he patented about fifty inventions in presses. His machines are still largely in use, but they have been surpassed by others. What he is best known by is his immense success in the *Petit Journal*, which he took over in 1883. The paper had been established in 1862 and was doing well, but competition had a little affected it when Marinoni took the reins. It boasts a circulation of over a million copies a day and is well known to English travellers. o. o.



"THE BULL AND BUSH," HAMPSTEAD: A FAVOURITE RESORT OF ADDISON AND HIS FRIENDS.

Photograph by J. Brunell, Kensal Rise.

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"THE ROYAL QUAKER."

By MRS. BERTRAM
TANQUERAY.
(Methuen. 6s.)

Mrs. Bertram Tanqueray's novel yields marked evidence of its author's possession of two qualifications by no means common to all lady writers—an artistic restraint that leads her to close her "episode" with the final parting of her lovers, and a keen sense of the complex character of supersensitive man and woman that makes that parting not only feasible but inevitable. The love-affair of Jane Stuart, great-granddaughter of Henry of Navarre and daughter of James, Duke of York, nurtured in Courts, wavering between the life of the world and the life religious, and Michael Burrough, whose belief is far too deeply rooted to be displaced by love unless the love is consistent with his faith, could end only in one way, and that Mrs. Tanqueray has recognised this, even to the routing of a worn-out conventionality, is much to her credit. Coquetry and Quakerism can no more be allied than lady of quality to merchant; eagle does not mate with sparrow, nor bird-of-paradise with crow. Equally true are her studies of the minor characters in her story, more especially those of the Friends, Priscilla Hubberthorne, Kezia Elwood, and Naomi Palmer—the latter a quaintly pathetic figure suggesting the delightful creations in Mary E. Wilkins's stories of New England, and worthy to rank with them. "The Royal Quaker" should send many to refer to the story of Jane Stuart, "in rough, suggestive outline," upon which it is avowedly based.

"THE MONEY GOD."

By J. P. BLAKE.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

The title of Mr. Blake's novel is distinctly deceptive. It leads one to expect a second "Pit" or "Calumet K.," a story of gigantic, if sordid, commercial enterprise, of Stock Exchange magnates, princely company-promoters, sixteenths, eighths, and quarters; whereas it relies chiefly upon a hackneyed and somewhat boring love-theme—two ill-matched couples sorting themselves to the temporary inconvenience of all concerned, a shuffling eventually set right in a manner dear to many lady novelists—

"I left a case about," he muttered, and with a movement pulled open a drawer. He found no cigars therein, but his eye fell upon the work which his wife had put aside when he came in. His heart beat quick and his hand trembled, but he did not lift the work from the drawer, which he closed as quickly as he had opened it. . . . He came to her and put his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Is it really true, Verena?" he said. "I am very glad."

"Yes, it is true," she whispered.

. . . And then, with thoughts of reverence, he lifted her left hand and touched with his lips the plain gold band on her finger.

The personages presented are not unreal—they have so much to their credit—but assuredly they are uninteresting, a company of ciphers without a figure to lend them value. Cupid, in fact, looms larger than the cupidity anticipated, and the result is, as we have already suggested, a disappointment. "The Money God" resembles nothing so much as a dinner of *hors d'œuvres*, and little else—the appetite is whetted, but unappeased: it is one of the few books that would have benefited by the often-deplored but occasionally admirable American spirit, that staccato style that seems to blend naturally with the tick of the tape-machine, and the frantic rushings of the bull, the bear, the stag, and the other natural-history specimens that go to fill the money-worshipper's ark.

"THE ADVENTURES OF ELIZABETH IN RÜGEN."

(Macmillan. 6s.)

"Elizabeth" of the German Garden never disappoints us, and in this account of a driving-tour of eleven days in Rügen she is more delightful than ever. Once again we welcome the light touch, devoid of banality, the unexpected turn of humour lying in wait for us, the irresponsibility, the whimsicality—all those characteristics of "Elizabeth" which make her books such merry reading. In spite of the apparent spontaneity, in this case we feel there

has been more careful attention bestowed on the actual workmanship, and thus we have a better-constructed basis for her happy musings. Elizabeth has left her "man of wrath" and babies, and with Gertrud, the solemn but invaluable maid, prepares for eleven days of absolute freedom. Poor Elizabeth! In her scheme of things there certainly never loomed a "woman's rights" Cousin Charlotte, nor dear old Professor Nieberlein, nor the immaculate Harvey-Brownes, mother and son, yet they were all there on that remote island; and, after only three days of beatific loneliness, a malicious fate thrust them—one by one—upon her. Yet, although we should not like her to think us unsympathetic, we cannot grieve, for, although Elizabeth by herself is delightful—Elizabeth defending her indolent (?) way of living to her terrible cousin ("I have had a row of babies and brought it up quite nicely," she argues)—helping the old Professor to recapture his matrimonial bliss—secretly rejoicing over

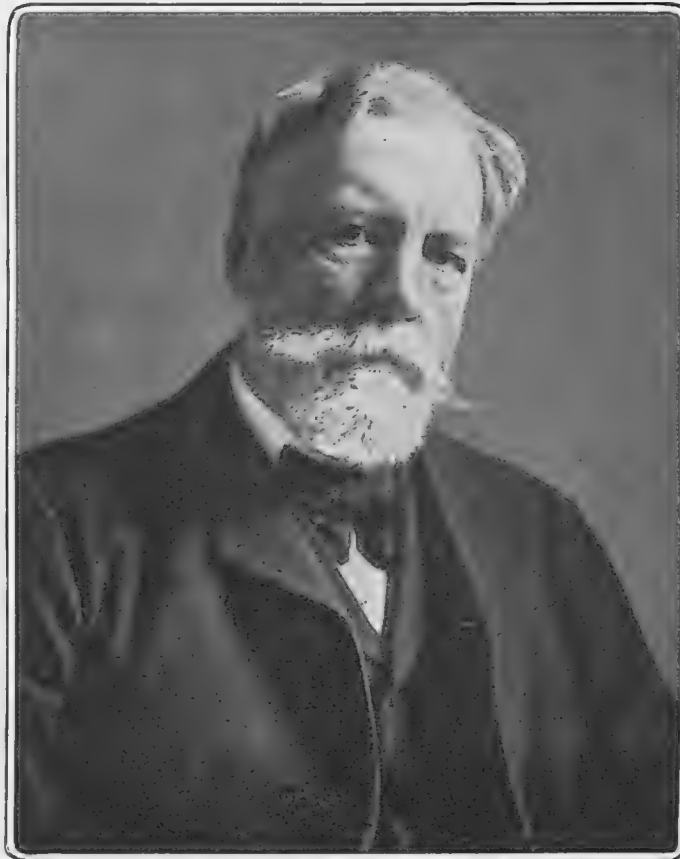
the views of the Bishop's wife, is so doubly fascinating that we could ill spare one figure from her adventures. Elizabeth is not for the conventional. They would shake their heads over what they would term her utter want of conscience. Would Mrs. Harvey-Browne have been so cordial—even though she did discover that the "man of wrath" was a somebody—if she could have read Elizabeth's thoughts, say, on the subject of repentance? "We waste a terrible amount of time repenting; the sin itself was a sad waste of time and happiness, and absolutely no more should be wasted in lugubriously reflecting on it." Yet not all is frivolity; there are moments of seriousness which serve but to heighten the gaiety, and the author writes of the general loveliness and loveliness of the world in a strain that refreshes the heart.

"STELLA FREGELIUS."

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.
(Longmans. 6s.)

Spiritualism is never a satisfactory motive for a novel, and many a good story has been spoiled by it. Perhaps Mr. Rider Haggard realised this when he thought it necessary to explain the existence of his last book by a personal preface, which, had the earlier part of the work been less ably handled, would have robbed the whole of reality. For the novelist should never tell us anything about the genesis of his conceptions. They ought to find us inevitably,

and chain us until we forget that we are reading words and turning pages, until we know only that we are living in the world the story-teller has created. For three parts of "Stella Fregelius," Mr. Rider Haggard has managed to sustain this illusion, and we forget all about his preface. But as soon as he goes mystery-mongering of set purpose, we see through him, and witness the death not of one character, but of all. It was certainly not a bad idea to weave a story round the wireless telephone, a better peg even than Mr. Vincent Crummies' pump, and the character of the mystical inventor and whilom wrangler, Morris Monk, has possibilities for the author of "She." But when he begins a definite and successful struggle to get into touch with the spirit of Stella, one begins to doubt the soundness of the hero's mathematics. Monk, too, was rather scoundrelly in deserting his delightful cousin and wife, Mary, who had enough mystery to serve, without the introduction of Stella. Once, before the aërophone was perfect, Mary, by the exercise of sympathetic volition, made it act successfully, and yet this power of hers is entirely lost sight of. Had it been again employed to win Morris from the spell of the dead Stella, the author might have brought the book to the happy ending it ought to have found, and a finer mysticism would have been achieved. But she becomes a mere passive victim, to our unending regret. She is really a creature of finer possibilities than Stella, but that visionary Norsewoman, who ought scarcely to have been at large, plays havoc with the story. The scenes of sheer adventure, and the by-play with old Colonel Monk and Mr. Porson, the man of business, make exciting reading, as we said, for three parts of the book. After that, the deluge—of nonsense.



MR. RICHARD WHITEING,
AUTHOR OF "NO. 5 JOHN STREET" AND "THE YELLOW VAN."
Photograph by E. H. Mills.

"THE MEASURED MILE: AN ALLEGORY."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



THE BEGINNING.

"THE MEASURED MILE: AN ALLEGORY."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



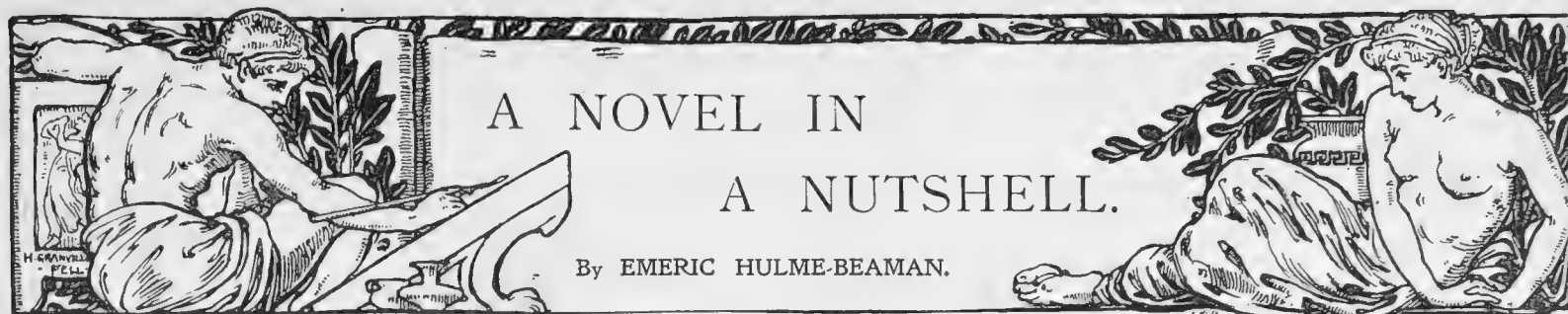
THE END!

MOVEMENTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

Recorded by JOHN HASSALL.



I.—“HEAVY AND GENERAL FALL.”



THE SELF-BIDDEN GUEST.

LADY FEATHERSTONE enjoyed, not unjustly, the reputation of being one of the most eclectic hostesses in London, and had for some years occupied that position in Society to which her birth, her wealth, her accomplishments, and, last but not least, her undoubted beauty entitled her. At Lady Featherstone's house—at her little social assemblies, her *soirées*, her occasional dinner-parties—one might be sure of meeting only those people upon whom the cachet of unquestioned breeding had been set.

A woman herself of unerring taste, of the most delicate ethical discrimination, and of a fastidious fancy, she was never able to tolerate in others the least deflection from her own high standard of criticism and culture. She was clever enough to admire clever people, yet not stupid enough to pass for being clever herself; she was a widow with two young daughters, a large income, and, as it seemed, a considerable capacity for enjoying it; and people said—those people who always “say” things—that the fact of this large income ceasing on her re-marriage explained the other fact of Lady Featherstone remaining a widow. To give up several thousands a year, an assured position in Society, and her liberty would be much to expect of a woman in return for the questionable advantage of a second husband. So people said. They knew that Lady Featherstone had made a brilliant marriage at an early age, that she was enviable because she was rich, and happy because she was enviable. But, oddly enough, Lady Featherstone was not always happy; and on a particular afternoon in January she sat alone in her drawing-room, with a look of singular sadness upon her beautiful face: her chin rested on her hand, her grey eyes were bent wistfully on the fire, and now and again she sighed softly to herself, as though a mood of memories were on her.

She sat alone. Perhaps this consciousness—this consciousness that she was “alone”—had something to do with the stirring of those secret emotions which a retrospect of the past will often evoke; perhaps it was this retrospect itself that made the consciousness more acute; but, at least, the burden of solitude seemed to weigh heavily on her soul. Her children were too young to be companions to her—too young to fill quite that void in the heart of a woman of thirty-five which looks for some other and fuller source of repletion; her friends—but a woman's friends, what are they?

Yet it was not usual for Lady Featherstone to indulge a morbid train of fancies; and on this very evening, the evening of one of her large dinner-parties, it seemed curious that her thoughts should have carried her into so melancholy a groove, that the faint, far-off chord of early memories should have been suddenly struck by the sound of a French name—the name of a stranger, the name of one of her guests, the Count de Serillac, whom the French Ambassador was bringing with him to her dinner-party.

Except that he was a distinguished diplomatist, Lady Featherstone knew nothing of M. de Serillac and cared less; but that he was a Frenchman awakened in her heart the sudden memory of another—a compatriot—a Frenchman, poor and obscure, but of noble bearing and an exquisite manner, tender and gallant, handsome and debonair, who once had loved her. Once, fifteen years ago, when she was twenty, and he had been her—drawing-master! He had loved her, this French artist with the earnest face and the inexpressible air of nobility so oddly at variance with the nature of his calling—he had loved her, this drawing-master; and yet what in another similarly situated would have seemed the acme of arrogance, in him seemed but the assertion of a natural prerogative, carrying with it nothing bizarre, nothing presumptuous, nothing inappropriate. He had loved her, and she had loved him; so there was but one thing to do, and the drawing-master did it—he went from her presence for ever, for he was a gentleman. Only this he had said on parting—

“Mademoiselle, I go, but I leave my heart here—with you. Treat it as you will, Mademoiselle, keep it or cast it away, think of me or forget me, but remember that, if ever the day comes when I may return to you, I shall return; and then, Mademoiselle—then, if it is in your power to bestow what it may be in my power to ask, I shall demand of you the happiness which only you can give me. I live now for that day—for that day alone!”

And, with tears in her eyes, she had pleaded, girl-like, that he should not leave her, and, for reply, he had taken her hand very tenderly and pressed it to his lips.

“Mademoiselle,” he had murmured, “I must! Farewell!”

M. Gressonier never returned, and four years afterwards Miss Maxwell married Lord Featherstone, a man of considerable social

attainments and some political influence, who had fallen desperately in love with the beautiful girl whom he had met at a country-house.

So, in course of time, Gressonier was forgotten, and the one romantic episode of Lady Featherstone's life lay buried deep down in the dim recesses of a woman's memory.

Her reverie was suddenly interrupted by a ring at the front-door bell.

Lady Featherstone started, for she was not expecting visitors—nor, as a rule, did visitors arrive so late—and, rising abruptly, looked with a woman's instinct into the large mirror above the mantel-piece. The reflection of her image showed nothing *en mal*—not a tress of hair disarranged, not a ribbon awry, no trace of disorder in feature or dress; the image, indeed, of a very beautiful woman, clothed with the perfection of simplicity that made her seem scarce more than a young girl still. Half-smiling with a satisfied consciousness of this fact, she sat down again as the servant entered the room and handed her a card on the salver.

Lady Featherstone glanced at the card, and suddenly her face turned pale. She looked at the servant interrogatively.

“A gentleman, you say—to see me?”

“Yes, your Ladyship.”

It was not customary for Lady Featherstone to question her servants on the subject of a visitor's appearance, but she could not at this instant forbear from asking, “What kind of a gentleman?”

“A tall gentleman, your Ladyship,” the servant answered; “elderly, with grey hair—a foreign gentleman, I think, your Ladyship.”

Lady Featherstone glanced again at the card in her hand—“Paul Gressonier.”

Unconsciously her pulses quickened, the colour returned to her cheeks, her breath came oddly fast. What did it mean? What could it mean? *Paul Gressonier!* The man who had loved her fifteen years ago and left her; the man whose name but five minutes since had crossed her thoughts—whose face had risen so strangely vivid out of the mists of long-departed years, whose voice had rung but now upon her fancy with half-forgotten echoes of her girlhood's days—Gressonier! It must be some mistake, some singular illusion, or else some curious coincidence—no more.

The servant coughed, apologetically.

“I told the gentleman, your Ladyship,” he went on, “that your Ladyship was not receiving and could not see visitors at this hour, but he wouldn't take no refusal. ‘Take up my card,’ said he, ‘to Lady Featherstone, and say I wish to see her particular.’ Does your Ladyship desire me to say that you are indisposed?” he inquired, gravely.

“No!” said Lady Featherstone, speaking with sudden effort. “Show the gentleman up.”

There was little time in which to adjust her mental attitude to an adequate conception of the emotional possibilities that this quite unexpected incident seemed likely to create. It had happened with so complete a suddenness that the effect of it upon Lady Featherstone's mind was considerably lessened by the difficulty of reducing the utterly improbable to the practically existent, the abstract to the actual, in the brief space of two minutes.

There was, in short, a strong sense of unreality still upon her when the door again opened and the visitor was ushered into her presence.

A gentleman, tall, with grizzled moustache, strong, aquiline features, keen, earnest eyes, and grey hair brushed back from a high, wide forehead, entered, took a step forward, paused, then silently bowed.

A sharp surprise, a certain disappointment, a troubled gladness, a singular embarrassment—all these sentiments were fused into the consciousness that before her stood, at last, after long years, the lover of her youth; and Lady Featherstone's eyes drooped before the gaze of M. Gressonier.

Fifteen years had changed him from a young to a middle-aged man—a man handsome still, but in whose appearance seemed manifest the buffets of adverse fortune. His clothes were shabby—so shabby that, when he had divested himself in the hall below of his rich fur coat, the footman had looked at him askance, half-doubting the propriety of conducting such an ill-dressed person into the presence of his mistress, and marvelling not a little at the strange discrepancy between the stranger's costly, sable-lined overcoat and the threadbare garments underneath it; for they were threadbare and ill-fitting; his boots were even patched, his collar frayed, his necktie a mere cheap ribbon. Yet even the disadvantages of such attire were unable to conceal in the wearer a certain aspect of dignity, a nobility of bearing which seemed natural to him and independent of all extraneous aids.

"M. Gressonier!" said Lady Featherstone, after a brief, awkward silence, and held out her hand.

"Lady Featherstone—ah, Madame, permit me!" With a grave reverence, M. Gressonier raised the outstretched hand to his lips.

"Madame," he murmured, "it is long—so long—since last time!"

Lady Featherstone withdrew her hand somewhat hastily; her cheeks were suddenly crimson: what magic was there in a voice that could set her heart beating so at the first musical vibration of its tones? Yes, it was the voice of her girlhood's days; the same low, tender, passionate, pleading voice that fifteen years ago had thrilled her, stolen its way into her heart, lingered so long after in her memory, and now again was sounding in her ears—the voice of the man she had loved.

"Then, Madame," went on Gressonier, still with his eyes upon her face—"fifteen years, is it not, the last time?—then I said, one day, perhaps, I would come back. Madame, I have come; I am here. Alas, you find me changed, but you—you, Madame, are the same, more beautiful—no older—than the girl whose face has lived treasured in my heart and memory, so fresh, so radiant, so *vivante*, day and night since that last time, Madame—fifteen years ago, is it not?"

"Yes," was all Lady Featherstone could find to say in that moment of supreme emotional retrospect; "yes, fifteen years ago, M. Gressonier, I think. It is a long time, truly," she added, with an odd little laugh, "and, you see, I am no longer a girl, young and romantic, but a woman—a widow with children. People change, M. Gressonier. Old feelings change."

"Ah, Madame—you say?" broke in the Frenchman, pleadingly. "No, no; it is not so! The love of a man's life changes not. But yet, it is true—a young girl soon forgets!"

"Not soon," she corrected. "You went away. You did not return. I married—as all girls in Society must do. I never expected to see you again, M. Gressonier. Surely you do not wish to reproach me—after all these years!"

She gave another little laugh, endeavouring to place their interview upon a more common-sense and conventional footing. The tension of this high level of sentiment oppressed her as something bizarre—almost theatrical; and yet her heart responded, like a sensitive instrument to the touch of a musician, to every word, to every tone of M. Gressonier. He perceived her embarrassment, and, with quick adroitness, adapted his attitude to her unspoken wish.

"Let me explain," he said. "I to reproach you? No! I went from you—for there was no other course open. Then, when I would have returned, I heard you were married. Madame, I learnt but a week ago that you were a widow—and I am here! But why? To see you once again, to hear your voice, to feel—it may be for the last time, Madame—the pressure of your fingers upon mine! And, Madame, for something else—to learn whether the heart of a maiden can remain true for fifteen years. Regard me, Madame! I am not young. I am poor—alas, your eyes are eloquent; they tell me much. It is true. I am a poor, shabby old man. I should not have come. You have forgotten all—all. It is well. I will leave you, for I have learnt what I wished to learn."

He turned to go. Then a sudden veil seemed lifted from Lady Featherstone's eyes. She saw before her no longer an ill-dressed, middle-aged man, sunk, as it seemed, in poverty and failure, but the handsome, gallant lover of her youth, the man who had loved her so long and faithfully, whom once she had loved—ah, whom in her heart she had never ceased to love—whom she loved still!

Yes, the truth came on her in that instant with the thrill of an electric shock—she loved him still. With a quick, shy gesture, she turned to the shabby figure and held out both her hands.

"Do not leave me," she said, simply. "I love you!"

M. Gressonier turned, too, and a light leapt into his eyes. He became suddenly erect, he looked ten years younger, he seized her extended hands and carried them again and again to his lips.

"Ah, Madame," he murmured, "it is too much. My love—my own true love!"

"If I marry you," said Lady Featherstone, a few minutes later, "I lose all my money—you know that, Paul?"

"Money!"—he stretched out his hands deprecatingly. "What of it? It is not your money—no, it is you yourself that I want, that I have wanted, ah, so long!" Then he looked at her with a sudden anxiety. "But you?" he added. "It is a great sacrifice! I am so poor. You do not love me well enough to give up your money?"

Lady Featherstone sighed. It was a great sacrifice, certainly. But she loved him. After all, so long as they had enough to live upon— She turned her soft eyes upon Gressonier's face.

"Yes," she said, "I will give up everything for you!"

There was a curious smile upon Gressonier's face as he drew her towards him and kissed her reverently upon the forehead.

"*Mon ange!*" he whispered. "*Mon ange!* . . . *Mon ange!*"

The sudden striking of the little clock on the mantelpiece awoke Lady Featherstone the next instant to a rude consciousness of the realities of life once more, and she recollected that in two hours she would have to receive her guests.

"I—I am giving a dinner-party to-night," she began, and then

stopped, in some confusion, glancing at M. Gressonier's clothes. He noticed the glance, and the smile on his lips flickered oddly.

"Ah," he said, "a dinner-party? That is so nice. I will come, too, is it not?"

"Of course," said Lady Featherstone, bravely, "if you wish it."

"But," added M. Gressonier, a sudden expression of doubt crossing his features, "my—my clothes. I fear—I—it is in effect that I have not any dress-clothes," he stammered. "But if I may come—just as I am—"

"There will be some distinguished guests," faltered Lady Featherstone. "The French Ambassador is coming, and the Count de Serillac—"

"Ah, the French Ambassador and de Serillac! *Ma chérie*," said Gressonier, "that is *bonne chance*. To meet two such men—what pleasure! Then I may come?"

Lady Featherstone drew a deep breath. "As you are?" she inquired, nervously.

Gressonier drew back as though he had been stung.

"Madame—you—you are not *ashamed* of me?"

"Ah, Paul!" she murmured.

"Then—as I am?"

"Yes," said Lady Featherstone.

It was not without certain qualms of anxiety that Lady Featherstone awaited the arrival of her guests two hours later: her courage faltered not a little at the prospect of the effect likely to be produced upon the rest of the company by the appearance of one of their number clothed not only in morning-dress, but in very shabby morning-dress; and she wondered in what possible way she could condone what might not unreasonably be construed into an offence against good taste and the respect due to her other guests. Why did Paul Gressonier insist upon being present under such circumstances? He had never, in the early days of their acquaintance, shown himself deficient either in breeding or in a knowledge of the usages of Society, so that there seemed the less excuse for his present strange want of tact.

The drawing-room was already half-full of guests, when the footman, throwing open the door, announced, "His Excellency the French Ambassador and the Count de Serillac."

Lady Featherstone turned as the two gentlemen entered the room, took a step forward, then paused.

M. Chambord advanced with a bow and a smile. But Lady Featherstone scarcely noticed the Ambassador. Her colour went and came, her heart beat violently, her eyes remained fixed with a bewildered wonder upon the Count de Serillac—clad in faultless evening-dress, the Order of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour upon his breast, a smile upon his handsome face.

"M. Gressonier!" she stammered.

"No, Madame," he answered, bowing over her hand; "but your most humble, your most admiring, your most devoted slave—Paul de Serillac! Do you think," he whispered in her ear, "that I should *really* have come to you like that—a poor, broken-down man!—and asked you to marry me—I? No, no, *mon ange*—it was to try you; a little ruse, that is all. And you would have sacrificed everything for me! You would even have sacrificed your pride! You were willing for me to come here—even in rags—and disgrace you before the French Ambassador and the Count de Serillac, is it not? Ah, dear one, but I am not a poor man—no, I am rich. You shall sacrifice nothing for me—not even your pride of name, for Serillac, too, that is a good name in France; yes, a good name for my dear one to bear!"

"So, Lady Featherstone," said the Ambassador, smiling, "I see that you and M. de Serillac are not, after all, total strangers? You have met before?"

De Serillac placed his hand on the Ambassador's shoulder with a good-natured laugh.

"Forgive me, my friend," he said. "I have already the honour of Lady Featherstone's acquaintance. We have met before. And now that we have met again, I do not intend that Lady Featherstone shall ever part from me—no, not any more!"

It was not till later in the evening that the Count de Serillac had an opportunity of explaining to Lady Featherstone the circumstances that had led to his eventual accession to the old family-name and estates of Serillac. The title had come to him unexpectedly—and too late for him to return to England and claim Miss Maxwell, who had then already become Lady Featherstone. It was only by chance that he had heard that she was now a widow, and, a week after receiving this intelligence, he arrived in London.

"But," he said, "it was as Gressonier, not as Serillac, that I wished to see you first, to learn if you still remembered, still loved your old—drawing-master. And it was myself I wanted you to love, not my name and title, and so I thought of that plan. I came to you to-day disguised as a poor, bad-dressed—ah, *mon Dieu*, how bad-dressed!—man, just to see, dear one, just to see if you would despise me by consequence of my so villainous clothes, or if you would love me a little, still, for the sake of the love that once was between us. And," he added, in a lower tone, "you have taught me to-day, my beloved, all that there is of good, of noble, of beautiful, in a woman!"



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THOUGH the war is only a fortnight old, it has already stimulated the imagination of certain dramatists, who are preparing to take advantage of the popular interest in the Far East. Among the plays whose *locale* is placed on the other side of the world is one which bears the charming and distinctively attractive title, "Cherry Blossom and Chrysanthemum."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is always a bold man, but he probably never did anything bolder than when he relinquished his part in "The Darling of the Gods" to Mr. Charles Somerset at the beginning of the week. As one actor was heard to put it in the green-room of a West-End house, "Does Tree desire to prove to the actor-managers that an actor-manager is by no means indispensable in the cast of a play at his own theatre?" It is a pretty problem, which will doubtless solve itself in the manner propounded by Shakspeare to curb the too

time at Daly's in "A Country Girl," in which she played Marjory, the part Miss Isabel Jay was lately playing. Then, like Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Miss Marie Tempest, she decided for the drama pure and simple, and appeared as Francesca da Rimini in "Dante," when Sir Henry Irving produced M. Sardou's curious play which "sought to tell the truth of Dante's soul" by telling lies about Dante's life.

The most elaborate and costly production ever done at Daly's Theatre is what Mr. George Edwardes promises the new comedy shall be. The first Act represents a tea-plantation in Ceylon, and the tea-houses, instead of being painted, are real structures; while the scene of the second Act, representing the Palace of Boombamba—the part assigned to Mr. Rutland Barrington—will contain a great feature in the shape of the New Year's Eve chorus, the action taking place on the eve of the Buddhist's New Year. Only one light is disclosed in the Temple,



[Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.]

MR. HERBERT SLEATH.



[Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.]

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

WHO WERE MARRIED LAST SATURDAY.

luxurious self-esteem of Burbage or one of the other leading actors, when he made Hamlet declare "The play's the thing."

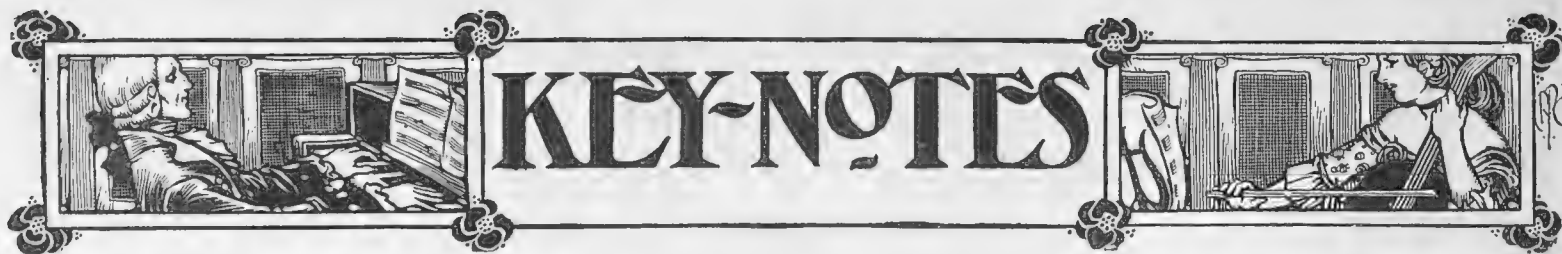
It would be wrong to call Mr. Zangwill a lucky man on account of the announcement that his play, "Merely Mary Ann," the New York production of which has been already illustrated in *The Sketch*, is to be seen at the Duke of York's in succession to "Captain Dieppe." His play, which was produced at the end of last year in New York—to be probably described in the near future as "the place where the British drama comes from"—has been one of the few successes in an overwhelmingly disastrous season. How disastrous may be realised from a statement made by a manager, who said, "We are not looking for theatres in which we can make the most money with our attractions, but theatres in which we can lose the least possible."

In circles far beyond those of the theatrical world, sorrow and regret have been felt and expressed at the untimely death of Madame Lilian Eldée. After gaining a considerable reputation as a vocalist, for which she was trained by the late Mr. Henry Russell and Madame Marchesi, she elected to leave the operatic stage and devote herself to the lighter forms of musical entertainment which are at present threatening to overrun the contemporary drama. She acted for a

all the others, in accordance with the native custom, having been put out. Everybody repairs to the palace to get a light, and gradually, from a pale moonlight effect, the stage becomes flooded with a blaze of light. Mr. Huntley Wright's part of a Babû lawyer is one for which Mr. Edwardes has been looking a long time. It was suggested by Mr. F. H. Anstey, who has supervised the writing of the part.

When Daly's does re-open, one of the bright particular "stars" of the Company will be missed from her accustomed place, though she may, perhaps, be there to see her former comrades win renewed successes. This is Miss Ethel Irving, who is preparing for her début as a serious actress under the direction of Mr. Frank Curzon.

The marriage of Miss Ellis Jeffreys to Mr. Herbert Sleath on Saturday last created great interest in the theatrical world, where both are so popular. Miss Jeffreys gave up her part for a day or two as Lady Verona in "Joseph Entangled," in which she is so brilliantly successful, but her absence was of very brief duration. Mr. Sleath was at one time lessee of the Adelphi, Terry's, and the Strand, but he is better known to playgoers through his fine performances in "The Second in Command," as Don Luis in "Don Juan's Last Wager," and in many other plays.



KEY-NOTES

ELGAR'S "Dream of Gerontius" has certainly come to stay, and its recent production at the Queen's Hall by the London Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Fagge, drew a very crowded house indeed. There is no doubt about the matter that Elgar has produced a masterpiece of the very first order in "Gerontius"; and it may be added that he is a fortunate man to have this fact so widely recognised within so few years of its production. A somewhat exaggerated statement has appeared in an evening contemporary, to the effect that "perhaps the most remarkable thing about this gifted composer is that he is almost entirely self-taught. All the set instruction," continues the writer, "which he ever had in music was five lessons on the violin." Now this, of course, is all nonsense; and it is a great pity that, when a really big composer arises amongst us, such taradiddles should be circulated in respect of the extraordinary nature of his achievement. Dr. Elgar was for years an organist, and studied his art very carefully and strictly before he chose to submit it to the public. No one who calls himself an Englishman can be anything but enthusiastic about Elgar's work, but it is ridiculous at this time of day to suggest that art is a heaven-born gift and is acquired without much labour.

The Society in question interpreted the work on this occasion very admirably indeed, and seemed to adopt the spirit of the composition quite dramatically. Light and shade were most carefully marked throughout, and particularly in the solemn ecclesiastical music which accompanies the death of Gerontius the effect was most grave and significant. Mr. John Coates has often sung the part of Gerontius, and on this occasion he certainly did himself every justice. Skilfully and devoutly he rendered these tremendously significant passages, while Miss Marie Brema in the part of the Angel was also at her very best. Perhaps Miss Brema was a little inclined to indulge in *tempo rubato*, particularly in the Hallelujah passage, which is, as a matter of fact, a transcription of the Gregorian music set to the words of a Mass, "Ite Missa est." Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, in the somewhat sombre part of the Priest, sang with all his fine sincerity and depth of meaning.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's Oratorio, "The Atonement," has come to London, and the Royal Choral Society was responsible on Ash Wednesday for its production at the Albert Hall. That this work will add to Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's reputation one is inclined very much to doubt; and, when it was produced at Hereford last year, the present writer made in these columns very much the same observation. The book is a most unsatisfactory one; it cheapens the scriptural narrative and, on the whole, loosens the inspiration which that narrative gave to such a composer as Palestrina, or many another of those great composers at whose head stands John Sebastian Bach. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is monotonous without showing any great signs of such originality as he displayed to us in the composition of



SIGNOR FRANCO LEONI,
COMPOSER OF THE OPERA "IB AND LITTLE CHRISTINA,"
NOW BEING PLAYED AT THE LYRIC.

"Hiawatha." In a word, we have here a complete step-down from a position which one had expected that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor would use as "a stepping-stone to higher things." No doubt the scheme of the book was against him, and he, at all events, has provided a good deal of music which, if it is not very great, is, at any rate, vocal. Mr. Andrew Black sang gloriously in the part of Christ, and Mr. William Green was excellent in the tenor part.

The Chorus was very good, if not quite at its best, and Madame Sobrino in the soprano part sang excellently well. It was a good thing for the work that the absurd Love Duet between Pontius Pilate and his wife was ruthlessly cut; for one can imagine no expedient more feeble than this for what is considered to be the necessary introduction of that usually called the feminine element. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor himself conducted with great energy, but, of course, he is not nearly so closely in touch with the orchestra as is Sir Frederick Bridge.

COMMON CHORD.

Signor Franco Leoni is a native of sunny Italy, having been born in Milan a few months less than forty years ago. He received his musical education at the Royal Conservatoire in that city, gaining the Diploma of Honour, and produced his first opera at the age of twenty-one. Since then he has composed many tuneful operas, cantatas, and songs. His best-known work in this country is "Ib and Little Christina," the charming libretto of which is the work of Mr. Basil Hood. It is a little more than three years since this pretty opera was played at the Savoy, when several members of the famous Company now appearing in "The Earl and the Girl" were in the cast. The music is of really fine quality, suggestive of Grand Opera, and the orchestration is of a very high order of merit. "Ib and Little Christina" is now being played at a series of matinées at the Lyric, with a very strong cast, including Miss Susan Strong and Mr. Ben Davies, the latter of whom will shortly leave England for South Africa.



MR. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, WHOSE NEW WORK, "THE ATONEMENT," WAS PRODUCED AT THE ALBERT HALL ON ASH WEDNESDAY, UNDER HIS DIRECTION.

Photograph by French and Co., Wallington, Surrey.



The Crystal Palace Show—A Novel Departure—The Motor Union—Dainty Little Cars—Speed Recorders.

THE Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders may, I think, heartily congratulate themselves upon the success of their Exhibition of Automobiles which closes its doors to-day, and which may be written down the most successful and comprehensive Exhibition of its kind yet held in this or any other country. Yes, I hear the protest concerning the grandeur of the Grand Palais, and am fully aware that the Exhibition Building of '51, re-reared on Sydenham Hill, will not compare as a whole with that fine building on the banks of the Seine; but, apart from the *ensemble*, I contend, and I am sure I shall be borne out in my contention by all automobilists who have studied both Shows, that the exhibits seen during the last ten days far exceed in interest those of the Paris Exhibition last December. Everything Continental of real interest was on view at the Palace, and the foreign mechanicalities were supplemented by a large number of British machines, which go far to show how—better late than never, though still, alas, very, very late—the engineering cult in this country are waking up to the importance of the motor movement.

A new car which was much discussed was the originally planned vehicle staged by Messrs. Lea and Francis, of Coventry. This attracted the more attention by reason of the generally accepted fact that this firm have for many years past enjoyed the reputation of building and selling the best, most highly finished, and, at the same time, most expensive bicycle in England. Therefore, much curiosity was felt by those in the inner ring to see what manner of motor-car they would elect to put upon the market, if they hoped to hold in the automobile world the brilliant reputation they have earned and still retain in the world of pedalled wheels. The Lea and Francis car, though from the plans of one of the most talented designers connected with the industry, differs widely from any other vehicle shown. It is the most un-motor-like motor-car at present before the public.

All would now appear to make for peace between the provincial Automobile Clubs and the parent body, the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. Not so very long ago, it looked as if, under the spur of the Reading Club, the country Clubs might form a Federation of their own, apart altogether and distinct from the "A.C.G.B. and I." and the Motor Union. This would have been an altogether undesirable thing to happen, as obviously nothing is more necessary than that the automobilists of the whole country should show a broad and united front to the persecution which in many quarters appears to await us under the terms of the new Act and the regulations laid down for its due administration by the Local Government Board.

But now the apparent danger of divided forces has happily passed away, and in future the Motor Union, by the affiliation of the Automobile Club itself and the Automobile and Motor-cycling Clubs all up and down the country, will represent the interests and fight the battles of the whole automobile community. If there are any of my

readers who are not members of an Automobile or Motor-cycling Club, I would strongly urge upon them the immediate necessity of becoming individual members of the Motor Union. From information reaching me from a particularly credible source, I learn that in many parts of the country it will be sought to administer the 1903 Act with all its savage clauses right up to the hilt, and our sole protection against such persecution is united action.

To turn again to Exhibition topics, I am pleased to note that the big manufacturers are not going to allow the trade to be obtained from the man of moderate means to fall altogether into the hands of the assembler of parts cheaply purchased from abroad. First to make this clear is the world-famous house of Humber and Co., of Beeston and Coventry, whose 5 horse-power Humbers and 6½ horse-power Royal Humberettes, both on the stand inside and running on the

roads outside the Palace, have attracted a vast amount of attention. These small cars have been immensely improved, and, if asked to recommend a vehicle of the kind to an intending purchaser, I do not know where I should turn to find anything like their equal at the prices. The mechanical work throughout is worthy of Messrs. Humber and Co.'s great reputation in every respect, and I am confident that those into whose hands these dainty little cars fall will be delighted with their speed, staunchness, and hill-climbing capabilities. I was driven up the steep grade on the right of the Palace grounds, known as Anerley Hill, one afternoon last week, when the roads were more than holding, and was astonished at the manner in which the little Royal Humberette skipped up the steep ascent. I have come up the



A JAPANESE MOTOR-CAR (ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE).

THE "RICKSHAW" MEN, WHO CAN RUN TWENTY MILES PER DAY WITH EASE, HAVE BEEN REQUISITIONED BY THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT AS WATER-CARRIERS, AMMUNITION-BEARERS, ETC.

same hill on cars of considerable repute and twice the horse-power at a much slower speed than on the occasion in question.

Just at the present time there are being offered a number of speed-indicators and distance-recorders for attachment to motor-cars, in order that the drivers of such vehicles may see at a glance the exact speed at which their cars are travelling at any moment. The majority of these are clumsy, heavy, and, by reason of their several drives, by no means likely to prove over-and-above accurate, in addition to being exceedingly expensive. At the Show, however, Messrs. Peto and Radford, the well-known electrical-accessories makers, showed the neatest speed-recorder I have yet seen, and one which is, moreover, offered at a reasonable price. It takes the form of a small magneto rotated by suitable positive gearing off the hub of the road steering-wheel, and which, by electrical connection with a volt-meter placed upon the dash-board, shows the voltage of the current produced by the rotation of the magneto armature. Experiment with the apparatus has shown that at certain rates of speed certain voltages are produced, and the volt-meter dial is marked in miles per hour in consequence. I hope to be testing one of these neat little instruments shortly and to be able to say something further as to its performance.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Lincoln Handicap—The Grand National—Floods—Trials A Sight.

ANTE-POST BETTING is gradually though surely becoming a thing of the past. Owing to cramped prices, eleventh-hour coups, and the unsatisfactory state of the training-grounds, the general public, owners, and trainers will not invest their money on handicaps before the day of the race. No owners' commissions have as yet been worked for the Lincoln Handicap, yet in the few quotations available Cossack and Uninsured stand high up. The last-named ran very badly in the Old Cambridgeshire, and that form would not be good enough for Lincoln; but the horse was evidently not at his best on that day, as he is said by those in the know to be a real smasher. The military operations in and around Netheravon have done a lot of damage to the training-track, and, unless we get a spell of fine weather, it will be impossible to get Uninsured ready by March 22. I have heard very good accounts of Dumbarton Castle. The going at Grateley is good and the horse has been actively employed for some time. He won the Stewards' Cup in a trot, and is very likely to do the same at Lincoln.

Now that it is rumoured His Majesty may go to Aintree to see the race for the Grand National, the liveliest interest is being taken in the race. Already many of the candidates have been backed for small

sums. Ambush II. was beaten in a three-mile race at Baldoyle last week, when giving lumps of weight away; but Baldoyle is not Aintree, and it is over the latter course that the King's horse gives his true running. According to Anthony, he takes a lot of riding and it is necessary to assist him at his jumps; but he improves as he goes on, and the further he goes the better he becomes. I do hope he will win the cross-country Derby this year. The owner of Detail is, I happen to know, very fond of the horse's chance. Mr. White Heather races for pleasure and not for profit. Detail, in my opinion, is very likely to get placed. And what can we say of Manifesto? I believe the horse is certain to run if he is fairly right on his legs. If he does start he is very likely to get placed.

As I have stated many times before, Mr. John Fruell used to say that he did not know whether racing would take place at Windsor under National Hunt Rules or under water. The recent abandonment of the Windsor and Hurst Park Meetings owing to the floods opens up a new question to racing-men. Could not some arrangements be come to by the National Hunt Committee by which abandoned dates might be transferred to enclosures close by that were available? When the Hurst Park Meeting was abandoned, racing would have been quite possible at Kempton Park, only two and a-half miles away. Again, the Windsor date might easily have been handed over to Sandown Park. Our poor steeplechase jockeys can hardly earn a decent living when racing is possible on every selected day the winter through. Now, however, they have a new enemy to fight, in the floods, which is hard on the Knights of the Pigskin. I really do think the National Hunt Committee might adopt the "transfer" system to some purpose.

We shall soon be getting some two-year-old trials, but I quite think that the racing of two-year-olds before the end of May is a big mistake. Take the case of the Brocklesby Stakes. The winner of this race is seldom of much account after the June month, while those two-year-olds that are tried and re-tried in the month of March often do little or nothing on the racecourse in the autumn months. Some owners have, I am glad to see, taken to saving their classic youngsters until they become three-year-olds. His Majesty the King owns a dark colt in Chatsworth who is very likely to run forward for the Derby. There are other horses in R. Marsh's stable that did not run as two-year-olds, and their racing this year will be watched with interest. On the other hand, Pretty Polly, who ran nine times as a two-year-old, winning every time, will be a telling argument for the other side should she happen to carry off her three-year-old engagements. Yet Sceptres and Pretty Pollies are exceptions.

South Country racegoers think the Derby the finest spectacle in the racing world, while Yorkshiremen give the palm to the St. Leger. I think the Grand National should be given the prize, as every spectator of the cross-country Derby has to pay something, while the Ring crowd is charged famine-prices. It is remarkable to see so many Irish priests on the stands during the race for the Grand National, and the "Fathers" all bring hard-boiled eggs with them, for is not the race run on a Friday? The priests, or the majority of them, "talk horse" sensibly, and they apparently are well versed in book-form. The regulation of the crowd both at Liverpool and at Aintree by the railway authorities is something to admire. The classes are divided on the platform by barriers, and it is impossible for a third-class passenger to board a first-class carriage. Under the flag system the trains are all filled and emptied with marvellous alacrity.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE DONATELLIS AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE cult of the short gown seems to have extended itself from "merely morning" to evening occasions lately—not in the full panoply of dinner-gowns, of course, but as dancing-dresses for young girls. The change has been hailed by them as one of infinite comfort, and at two or three dances on which I looked in just before



[Copyright]

A CHARMING CLOAK OF WHITE CLOTH AND ERMINE.

Lenten ides were on us I noticed several skirts of tulle or gauze floating round the gyrations of their wearers which, reaching just to the ground, looked very pretty and appropriate to the business in hand. Long skirts are unequivocally a plague to dancers, but are as undeniably of superior becomingness and grace on all other evening occasions.

Truly the extravagance and elaboration to which women have attained in all matters of clothes and personal surroundings just at present strike one anew at every gathering one attends. Unfortunately, it is not to the moneyed minority this "delirium of dress" is confined, however. All classes are pervaded by it, from the little stitcher-girl who carries home the dressmaker's box with its envied contents to some fine lady of Bayswater, up to the leader of Society who contends that two thousand a-year is merely a modicum towards the claims of her wardrobe.

In the newspapers last week one read what was doubtless a very average case in England, of a hard-working City man, with an income of about ten or twelve hundred a-year, making his wife and three daughters between them a dress-allowance of two hundred and twenty pounds a-year. "Surely very handsome," as the Judge remarked, seeing that it ran into a fifth or sixth of the entire income. Yet this was apparently far short of the wife's—the house-mother's—sartorial ambitions, inasmuch as a bill of ninety-nine pounds had been run up in five months for mere accessories of a luxurious wardrobe, for which the husband very rightly refused to pay. Not dresses, nor boots, nor hats, nor even the seasonable umbrella, look you, were in this bill, but silk petticoats and tea-gowns and matinées, forsooth.

Remembering this doubtless average example of middle-class extravagance and an article wisely and nobly written by "John Oliver Hobbes" in the same week, which appeared in the *Daily Mail*, adjuring English fathers to provide *dots* for their daughters after the frugal manner of the French parent, one asks how such an obviously wise and admirable course can ever be possible in a nation like ours, where the women have become notoriously extravagant and improvident. The Frenchwoman of all classes is saving. The French child is taught to value its sous and centimes from earliest years. Each year the family hoard is added to. Each year the little income or the big is arranged to provide a surplus that goes to swell the daughters' future *dots*. Who thinks of this in improvident Britain, where the bread-winner bears all expenses, where every pound is spent as it is earned, and where, when the overworked father is finally removed, nothing remains for the uselessly brought-up girls but governessing, type-writing, or the hundred-and-one variations of female labour that modern necessities have evoked?

If Mrs. Craigie's excellent proposal could be converted into possibility, it would be well indeed for thousands of girls in this overstocked island. But until British parents and progeny *jointly* learn to conjugate that unfamiliar verb "To save," there is little chance of her scheme becoming crystallised into fact. The frenzy of fine frocks and furbelows has seized upon this generation of feminine squanderers, and nothing but the Nemesis of poverty can avail, it would seem, to arrest its headlong course.

We seem to have followed the example of a good many others when coming down to Brighton in pursuit of the sun; that luminary,



[Copyright.]

BLUE CLOTH DRESS WITH THE NEWEST TRIMMING.

whose demeanour towards unfortunate Londoners seems to grow increasingly frigid and remote, here unbends himself so far as to blaze in quite a friendly and familiar manner when the fancy takes his mood.

Many well-known faces are to be met strolling on the Front,

amongst them the late Mrs. Hanbury, now Mrs. Victor Bowring, who, in the doubly interesting character of an eight months' widow and an eight days' bride, gratifies the receptive feminine eye with several smart costumes per diem. Mr. Balfour alternately basks and motors in the brilliant sunshine, and the familiar figure of Lord Donegall affectionately accompanies a perambulating first-born. Of jewels and the tribe of Judah there is a pronounced display. Such things seem, as Mrs. Partington would observe, "indignant to the soil" of Brighton.

Talking of gems and gauds, the pendant presented on this page will, I hope, obtain the universal suffrages of my readers. It is an exquisitely enamelled bird—whether stork, swan, or pelican matters not—with diamond wings, and is poised for flight on a square-cut emerald, from which swings a diamond-cupped pendent pearl. A more desirable pendant it would be difficult to imagine, and one which may be pronounced as among the latest *chefs d'œuvre* of the Parisian Diamond Company. A pearl and diamond-clasped dog-collar accompanies it, which may be described as one of the most becoming forms of decoration for anyone over twenty-five, and of which the Parisian Diamond Company holds, at all three shops, an especially fine display.

It will interest the British matron and maid, or that section of both which abides in South Africa, to learn that Mrs. Pomeroy, of 29, Old Bond Street, has changed her address in Cape Town to No. 10, Duncan's Building, and that this woman of enterprise has, moreover, opened a branch establishment at 12, Imperial House, Johannesburg.

SYBIL.

The twenty-fifth annual issue of "The Year's Art" has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. Mr. A. C. R. Carter, the compiler of this invaluable work, has done his part so admirably that members of the art-world owe him a debt

of gratitude, for it is in reality a concise epitome of all matters relating to the arts of painting, sculpture, engraving, and architecture, and to Schools of Design, which have occurred during the past year. Mr. Carter himself has written an interesting article on "The Past Year," and, for the rest, it need only be said that the book contains a mass of information on art matters nowhere else obtainable, is a reliable guide to the Art Institutions of London and the provinces, and gives particulars regarding Foreign and Colonial Institutions.

To show the realism to which stage-properties have now been brought, the illustration below is given as an example of what is being done in connection with the pantomime produced at Hengler's Circus, Manchester. A large-sized tank-engine, two carriages, and a brake-van, correctly painted in the Great Central Company's own colours, draws into the arena, passengers enter the compartments and a crowd on the platform bid adieu to the travellers, the train steams away, and the reality is further enhanced by porters and other officials appearing in the full uniform of the Company. The general get-up of the train is such as to cause the impression to a spectator that the engine and carriages are realities and not stage-properties. We understand Mr. Hengler will be shortly reproducing this part of the programme in London.

THE MERE MAN.

THOSE of us whose business leads us to lunch and occasionally dine in restaurants which are not absolutely of the very first class will have welcomed with much satisfaction the suggestion which has recently been put forward by Dr. Collingridge, who is the Medical Officer of Health for the City. His proposal is to issue

certificates to restaurants whose kitchens and to bakers whose above-ground bake-houses have been officially inspected and found worthy of a sanitary certificate. The application for a certificate on the part of the restaurateur will, of course, have to be optional, because, though we are hampered and worried in all sorts of absurd ways, yet we are allowed to poison ourselves by eating noxious messes disguised with foreign names and pungent sauces.

In a really well-governed city no one would be allowed to cook food or bake bread for the public unless he and his assistants and his premises had received a sanitary certificate, granted only after searching inquiry and liable to be cancelled for any infringement of the by-laws. But, as things stand, these certificates can only be issued to those whose consciences are clean enough to permit of an application for them. Still, it would come to the same thing in the end, for if there were two restaurants

near together, one of which exhibited a sanitary certificate and the other did not, the absence of customers would soon compel the insanitary house to close its doors.

We may take it for granted that the kitchens of many of the middle-class restaurants are quite beyond reproach, but the trouble is at present that we have no means of knowing accurately which are the sanitary and which are the insanitary places. A dining-room may be relying on the reputation it won years ago, or on the

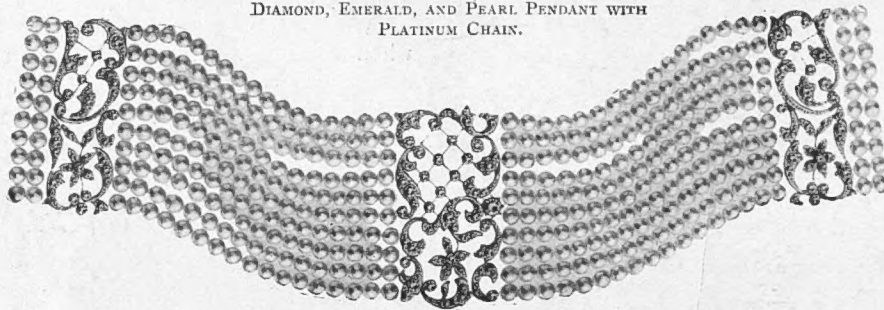
name of a former proprietor, and people, and especially provincials visiting London, are very staunch to the places in which they have dined in former years.

Of all the many philanthropic institutions in London, none is more deserving of aid nor more in need of kindly assistance than the London Hospital, in the Mile End Road. It may be hoped, therefore, that Miss Maree Ainslie's Concert in its aid, to take place this evening (24th) at Queen's Hall, will be largely attended. Miss Ainslie herself will recite, the band of the Irish Guards will play, and among the many who have promised to assist are Mesdames Meredyth Elliott, Maud Santley, and Anna Hickisch, Mr. Philip Newbury and Mr. Charles Copland, and those well-known favourites "The Follies."

The name "Schwepe" is always connected in the public mind with the purest of soda-water, and for something more than a century the firm have conducted their business on well-approved lines. Until the present time no patent cork has been used by "Schweppes, Limited," but now it has been decided to fit their soda-water bottles with one known as "The Phoenix" for those customers who prefer it. It is said to be the simplest and most effective self-opening cork that has ever been brought before the British public.

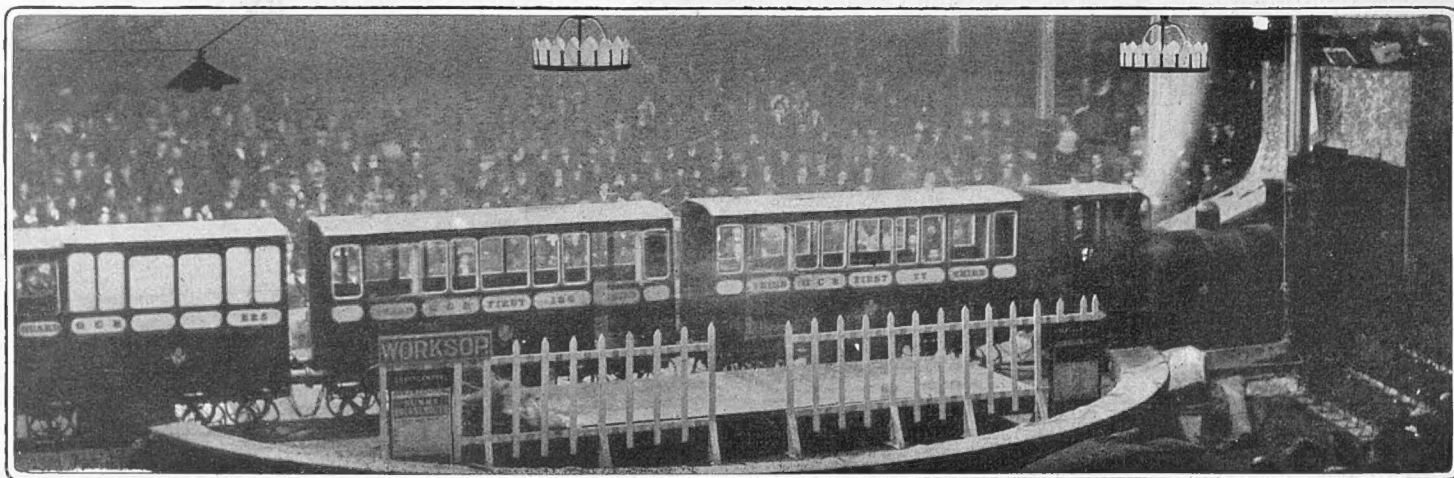


DIAMOND, EMERALD, AND PEARL PENDANT WITH PLATINUM CHAIN.



PEARL COLLAR WITH DIAMOND PLAQUES (LOUIS XV.).

NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



A REAL RAILWAY-TRAIN IN THE PANTOMIME AT HENGLER'S CIRCUS, MANCHESTER.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 8.

AS we suggested last week, our Continental friends have got into deep water over the optimistic views held up to the last moment as to the Far East, and our market has suffered, and is still suffering, from all sorts of very unpleasant rumours as to probable failures in Paris and troubles in Berlin.

Slowly it is dawning on the German and French investor that the struggle is bound to be prolonged, while there is an uneasy feeling, which grows from day to day, that, should things go badly with Russia in the near future, every effort will be made to drag other people into the vortex. The stories (evidently inspired from St. Petersburg) as to what Russia was prepared to do in the Fashoda days, and the supreme efforts made to convince the world that Germany is likely to give material assistance, show the way the wind is blowing. If Mr. Kruger's money could make the whole Continental Press Pro-Boer in 1899 and 1900, Russia is not likely to spare expense to fan the flame of the "Yellow Terror" and suchlike bogies.

Everything has been flat and the markets quite "in the dumps." Even Argentines have been unable to resist the pressure of sales from other markets; while Chinese labour, which appears now secure, has failed to even stay the flatness of Kaffirs. To the cynic, the spectacle of the great Free Trade Party screaming itself into hysterics against free trade in labour, is rather funny, but the necessities of politics make strange bed-fellows. When a Mining Market gets into a hopeless state and the wire-pullers are hard up for a card to play, the usual resource is to try some fresh combinations, and this is the explanation of the circumstantial stories about the various amalgamations said to be on the tapis in connection with several of the leading Rand properties. It remains to be seen whether even amalgamation will stay the rot in the South African Market.

FOREIGN BONDS.

Menaced by unknown developments in Paris, Berlin, and Amsterdam, the Foreign Market is one of the most difficult for the operator to deal in just now. St. Petersburg is supporting Russian bonds, and the investor in this kingdom has not turned out his Japanese securities to any swamping extent, despite the fall in prices. But the Continental centres are as variable as what we, by courtesy, call our weather, and confidence in the morning is often succeeded by acute apprehension later on in the day. Argentine and Brazilians are, of course, drawn into the vortex of nervousness that is awhirl in the Paris Bourse, and the South American Market finds further complications on its hands by reason of the Uruguayan revolution, which depresses the bonds of the Republic. Turks have been unsettled again by the lowering troubles in Macedonia: even Spanish and Italian come to market when Paris happens to be weak. There are many bargains worth picking up in the Foreign Market, but they will all have to be held for a time.

SHALL STOCKBROKERS ADVERTISE?

Our Stock Exchange artist is exercised in his mind at the proposal to allow himself and his fellow-members to copy the bucket-shops and advertise for business, and he sends us a sample of the posters with which our walls may be covered should the proposal be carried. The sketch represents the straits to which a noble Lord was reduced before following the tips of a first-class firm of brokers, and the comforts he afterwards enjoyed.

MINING MATTERS.

Kaffir Market magnates who are loaded up to the neck with their own specialities can hardly be expected to commence a boomlet off

their own bat, Chinese labour or not. The public keep coy, and, knowing the need that most of the mines stand in of extra capital, refuse to take any hand at present. Hence these comparatively low prices. To get the Companies into working order will want money, and a lot of it. Where is that money to come from? Taking it all round, there seems no immediate hurry to buy Kaffirs largely, although the acquisition of a few good shares every now and then when prices are flat should be good business. Deeper mystery even than that overshadowing Kaffirs still hangs upon the Etruscan problem. We should feel inclined to sell the shares and cut the loss, for proprietors are eternally regaled with promises, and there are, as yet, no results. The Indian scare is rapidly passing away, and, even if the shares are looked upon in future as more speculative than some people had thought, the market is not likely to suffer a repetition of the recent flurry. We hear excellent accounts of the Ooregum property, which is more than we can say of the Smelting and Refining Company, although in this case the low price of the shares justifies a supposition that the recent introduction of plenty of working capital should enable the quotation to at least hold its ground.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"After you with that match. Thanks," and The Jobber, lighting his pipe, blew a column of smoke into the opposite hat-rack.

"You can't wonder at Imperial Tobacco Debentures being good when men indulge so freely in pernicious habits," observed The Broker, looking at his dilettante cigarette. "I should say the stock ought to be sold about 108."

"It's nearly that now, isn't it?" asked The Merchant, who was an original allottee.

"I had an offer of 107 from an outside broking firm," The Engineer added.

"That's because the stock was 107½ bid in the House," declared The Broker, oracularly. "By the way"—and he fumbled in his pocket—"let me read you this delicious morsel."

"Fire away," remarked The Carriage.

"It's in the 'Answers to Correspondents' in the *Black and White Illustrated Budget*, and says, 'If you want a gamble, the London Stock Exchange will afford you plenty of opportunities; but, ere you have a flutter, seek the advice of a good stockbroking firm, avoiding bucket-shops, otherwise jobbers.' There now!"

There was a shout of laughter, in which The Jobber joined most loudly of all.

"How can any man write such arrant rot?" The Broker asked The City Editor at length.

"Well, he's quite right about avoiding bucket-shops, isn't he?" demanded The City Editor.

"Bucket-shops, otherwise jobbers," this Solomon writes. Don't try to evade my question, young man."

The City Editor said he would give up the conundrum. "Am I my brother-journalist's keeper?" he demanded, pathetically.

"Let him off this time, Brokie," said The Engineer, with another laugh. "How do you know that he didn't write it himself?"

The Jobber sprang to his feet and whirled his paper round The City Editor's head, but was finally subdued, and the talk drifted round to the favourite topic of Home Railway stocks.

"Home Rails are too sleepy altogether for me," announced The Engineer.

"Too sleeper—y, you mean," suggested The Merchant, avoiding the indignant gaze of The Jobber.

"It can't be right to sell the Heavy stocks," and The City Editor spoke tentatively.

"Why not?" It was The Banker's first question.

"Oh, well, because—because prices are so low, for one thing. And the stocks pay 4 per cent. on the money at the present time."

"I fail to see why either of those reasons should prevent a further decline," pursued the old gentleman.

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A POSTER.

What may be Expected when Members of the Stock Exchange are Allowed to Advertise.

"You think we shall see them flatter?" inquired The Engineer.

"I should not be overwhelmed with astonishment at such a course," replied The Banker. "The Railway Companies are still so wasteful that only the stern teaching of necessity will bring them to a right understanding of shareholders' interests."

"Wasteful? Necessity?" and The Engineer looked perplexed.

"Wasteful, I say," repeated The Banker. "You have only to consider the suicidal competition of the trunk lines to the North to see my point. And think of the half-empty trains that are run by, perhaps, four lines, when two trains would suffice to carry all the passengers who wanted to travel."

"But you get 4 per cent. on your money," persisted The City Editor.

"That is not enough in view of the possibility of a decline in trade. I see no reason why North-Western and Midland Ordinary stocks should not recede to the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. line."

"Whew!" whistled The Engineer.

"That's more than one gets on the majority of Kaffir shares," put in The Jobber, inconsequently.

"Chartered, e.g.?" The City Editor suggested.

"If 'e.g.' now means 'ere's-a-go,' I agree with you as regards Chartered," The Broker observed, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"I don't know so much about that," and The Carriage turned to The Solicitor. "It's a great country."

"And it has a great capital," The Broker retorted.

"Which has? The country or the Company?"

"The Company, of course!" — The Broker seemed to be growing nettled.

"You can bet your bottom sixpence that Chartered will float up directly we have better times in the Kaffir Circus."

"Due in Nineteen Hundred and Five, those better times, aren't they?" asked The Merchant.

"Somewhere about then," The Jobber answered. "I maintain my opinion that Chartered are a grand chance for the children."

"That's all very well. But how about their parents?" The City Editor wanted to know.

"Do we not live for posterity? We've all given up the hope of making money for ourselves——"

"How sweetly unselfish!" ejaculated The Broker.

"——because we find we can't do it. The only men who've made money during the last few years are the aristocracy and other slave-merchants owning weekly house-property in overcrowded London districts."

"I say! That's rather strong!" objected The Solicitor.

"Hasn't anybody got a decent tip?" The Engineer queried.

"What's the good of——?" began The Jobber, who was evidently in a pugnacious, if not socialistic, mood, but he was promptly quelled by The Broker.

"Sell Modders, Rand Mines, and East Rands as a bear."

"Good heavens, Brokie! What's the——?"

"They can't be worth their present prices," interrupted The Merchant. "I'll think about it."

"What are they going to do with Japanese Bonds?" asked The Banker.

"Lower at first and better afterwards, is my forecast," The Broker replied, eliciting a—

"What's the goo——?"

"I hold a few Japs," The Engineer cut in, "and I mean to keep them. If one is ready to see the thing through, I don't think the bondholder will suffer in the long run."

"And 'do we not live for posterity'?" quoted The Banker, merrily.

"No," The Solicitor contradicted. "That's all wrong. Maybe we live for posterity when we are very young, but not for long."

The Carriage began to smile. "What is the chief thing when we get to our age?" it asked.

"To die quietly," was the philosophical reply, whereat The Carriage gravely nodded. The Jobber rose and prepared to alight.

"Where are you going?" asked The Broker. "We are not there yet."

"I'm going to order a decent burial for One," he returned, lugubriously. "And, in case of eventualities, I shall ask them to supply a refrigerator."

Saturday, Feb. 20, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

MADEIRA.—Our advice is not to deal with them. Everything is done at tape-prices, which gives them a far too large margin between buying and selling. If you should make money, you would get paid, which is more than can be said of most bucket-shops.

ANDY.—The City Editor does not profess to be an expert in chauffeurs, but we believe you ought to get a good one for fifty shillings a-week.

A. E. P.—(1) To buy Japanese stock is, of course, to gamble on the success or failure of that country in the war. Nobody can say it is not a risky purchase. (2) We suggest Gas Light and Coke stock to pay you 5 per cent., or United States Brewing Debentures to pay 6 $\frac{1}{2}$.

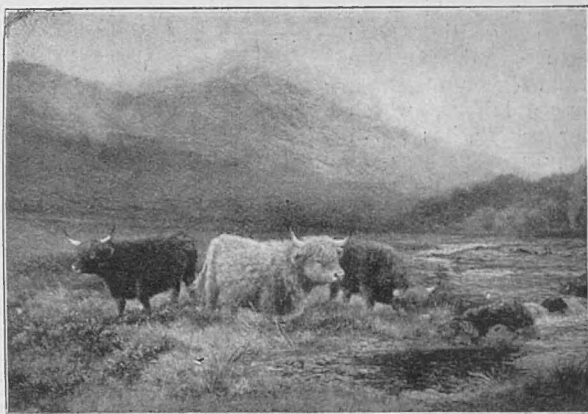
CYPRIOTE.—We think you might get 5 per cent. with reasonable safety. Assuming it is income you want, we suggest (1) Industrial Trust Unified stock, (2) Bank of Egypt, (3) British Electric Traction Cumulative Pref. If you object to the liability on the Bank shares, substitute Imperial Continental Gas stock.

J. A. C.—The following Insurance Companies should suit you: The National Provident Institution, the Equitable, and the Sun. All quite safe. We will inquire as to Government annuities. We should hold the Showells, but the Lead concern will probably do no good.

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